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RAPHAEL TO JULIA.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Thou gav'st thy hand, all trembling like a dove,
  To one who deemed thee, as thou art, divine,
But could *he* love thee with the glorious love
  That's due to such a fiery heart as thine?

Thou wast to him the idol of his years,
  A star to light his pathway from on high,
But could *his* soul dissolve in love and tears,
  Or soar with thine into the broad, blue sky?

When thy keen spirit on its wing of fire
  Rose proudly up above our mortal state
To list the music of the starry lyre,
  Did'st thou not sigh for some high spirit-mate?

Oh, my heart's idol! could thy bosom proud
  Give back the wild and burning love of mine,
Our souls should mate like eagles in the cloud
  Where the storm welters and its rainbows shine!

I could defy pain, death, my soul's unrest,
  In the fierce struggle for such glorious prize,
What could I fear while clasping to my breast
  All that I know or dream of Paradise?

* * *

ROSE ELMER;

OR,

A DIVIDED HEART AND A DIVIDED LIFE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

The baronet was a man who could do an essentially rude thing in the most refined manner, paradoxical as it may seem. Bowing, and waving his hand in the most courteous manner, and modulating his voice to the lowest and sweetest key, he said—

"Forgive my intrusion, Miss Elmer, and pray resume your seat."

But Laura remained standing, with her hand resting upon the table, lest, if she sat down, Sir Vincent should feel at liberty to follow her example. He had tact enough to understand her, and advancing to the table, he said:

"I should not have ventured to intrude upon you, Miss Elmer, but that I brought with me my apology. Here is a new work that is attracting much attention in the literary world—a poem by an unknown author. I have perused it with much deeper feelings than those of admiration. I know of none who could appreciate and enjoy this beautiful creation of poetic genius more thoroughly than yourself."

Laura Elmer bowed coldly in reply to this compliment.

"I hope you will do me the favor of using this copy; it is full of my marks, but I trust that it will not be very much less acceptable or interesting on that account," continued the baronet, quite unconscious of the covert vanity betrayed in this sentence.

"Sir Vincent Lester's literary taste is indisputable," replied Laura.

He then placed the volume in her hand, with a scarcely perceptible pressure, accompanied with a scarcely audible sigh, bowed, and withdrew.

Laura Elmer's happy reverie was over for that evening. A frown corrugated the usual noble calmness of her brow, as, standing where he had left her, she conferred with herself:

"What can that man mean? Kindness, perhaps, and only simple kindness, to a friendless girl. It is ungrateful, unjust, and absurd to think otherwise, and yet I should be happier and more comfortable if Sir Vincent Lester would interest himself much less in my comfort and happiness. For though reason can find no positive cause of offence, yet instinct teaches me to dread these attentions. I will for once disregard fallible reason, and be guided by unerring instinct. I will obey no more summonses to the library, and since this room is not free from intrusion, I will henceforth spend my evenings in my own private apartment."

So saying, Laura Elmer sat down and opened the volume that she had very reluctantly accepted, and only because she had no civil pretext for declining it.

In looking over the poem she was less pleased than surprised to find that those passages which most deeply interested her own sympathies were the very ones most emphatically marked by the admiration of Sir Vincent Lester.

"It is strange and sorrowful to think that a mind like Sir Vincent Lester's, capable of feeling and appreciating the true and beautiful in nature and art, should be so thoroughly destitute of veneration for the Creator of nature and the Inspirer of art," thought Laura to herself, as she sank into a pensive reverie.

Meanwhile Sir Vincent Lester regained the solitude of his usual retreat in the library. He walked up and down the floor in disturbed thought, murmuring:

"I have forgotten myself. My hand closed upon hers with a convulsive grasp, and my strong emotion broke forth in an irrepressible sigh. I have alarmed her, I who meant to have approached her only in the gentle guise of friendship—aye, and never to have gone farther than friendship if I could have helped it. With the friendship, confidence, and companionship of this large-hearted, high-souled woman, I think I could be happy, would she but give me so much. I, at forty-five, have never known the love of woman. Lady Lester married me for my rank, which she knows how to wear, and for my money, which she knows how to spend. She never sympathized with any of my tastes and pursuits, never cared for the well-being of our own children; never, in one word, loved either me or them, being as incapable of love as she is of thought. Her brain and heart seem to have no other functions than to regulate the action of her calm, nervous system, and the circulation of her cool blood—her life no higher object than to be thought the fairest and the best dressed woman at the ball or opera. I scarcely ever see her ladyship, and when I do I have nothing to say to her, or, if I have, she does not understand me! If we met often we should be dreadful bores to each other, that is certain. How different with this beautiful Laura Elmer; for beautiful, indeed, she is to me, with her graceful form and fine features! I could gaze forever with renewed delight upon that calm, queenly brow, those large, lustrous, dark eyes, and pensive lips. All day long I devise excuses to see her in the school-room, or to summon her here; and the few transient moments that I spend in her society seems worth all the days and hours I employ in manœuvring for them. Well, and what are my 'intentions?' as the dowagers would say. I know not beyond the present one of enjoying as much of Miss Elmer's society as I possibly can, leaving the result to fate. Well, what the devil do you want, sirrah?"

This last objurgation was addressed to a servant, who put his head in at the door.

"If you please, Sir Vincent, my lady's respects, and she would like to see you," replied the man.

"Come, here is an unprecedented incident; a flat contradiction to all that I have said. Her ladyship actually sends for me. What can be in the wind?" thought Sir Vincent to himself, but aloud he merely inquired:

"Where is her ladyship?"

"In the drawing-room, if you please, sir."

"Very well, go and say that I will be with her ladyship in a moment."

And wondering much what could be the cause of such an unusual summons, Sir Vincent repaired to the drawing-room.

He found Lady Lester its sole occupant.

As he looked at her he thought, "Surely there never was before a woman so fair and so unattractive."

She was, indeed, a beautiful picture, as she sat half reclined upon a sofa of pale blue damask, whose delicate hues threw out into greater relief the ample folds of her white brocade dress, that, indeed, was scarcely whiter than the rounded and tapering arms, the gracefully curved bosom and throat, and the finely turned face of the wearer. A wreath of pale blush roses crowned her very light hair, and bunches of the same flowers looped up the lace fall of her bosom and shoulders, and the lace flounces of her skirt. There was a want of color in her fair complexion, of brightness in her light blue eyes, and of animation in her manner, or, to sum up briefly, a want of soul in that body; which was the reason, perhaps, why that fair form had withstood all the encroachments of time, for the soul is a great wearer and tearer of the body, and Lady Lester being soulless, or nearly so, was still youthful looking at forty-two, and but for the fulness of her form she might really have been taken for twenty. She had gone through life gently and calmly. And now she reclined upon the sofa as motionless as a beautiful statue. There was about her none of that feminine restlessness that requires the aid of a fan, or a screen, or some such toy, to afford graceful occupation for the hands and eyes. Lady Lester could sit motionless for hours, the very picture of perfect grace, in perfect repose.

She merely lifted her large eyelids on seeing Sir Vincent enter.

"Well, Clare, you sent for me; it must have been that I might admire your very *recherché* toilet. You are going out, I presume?"

"Yes, I am due at Carleton House this evening; but I have half an hour to spare, and I wish to speak to you about something very particular."

"Well, my dear?" said the baronet, drawing forward a chair and sinking into it.

"You are aware, I presume, Sir Vincent, that this great Etheridge case, that has been before the House of Lords for weeks, is at length decided in favor of the new claimant."

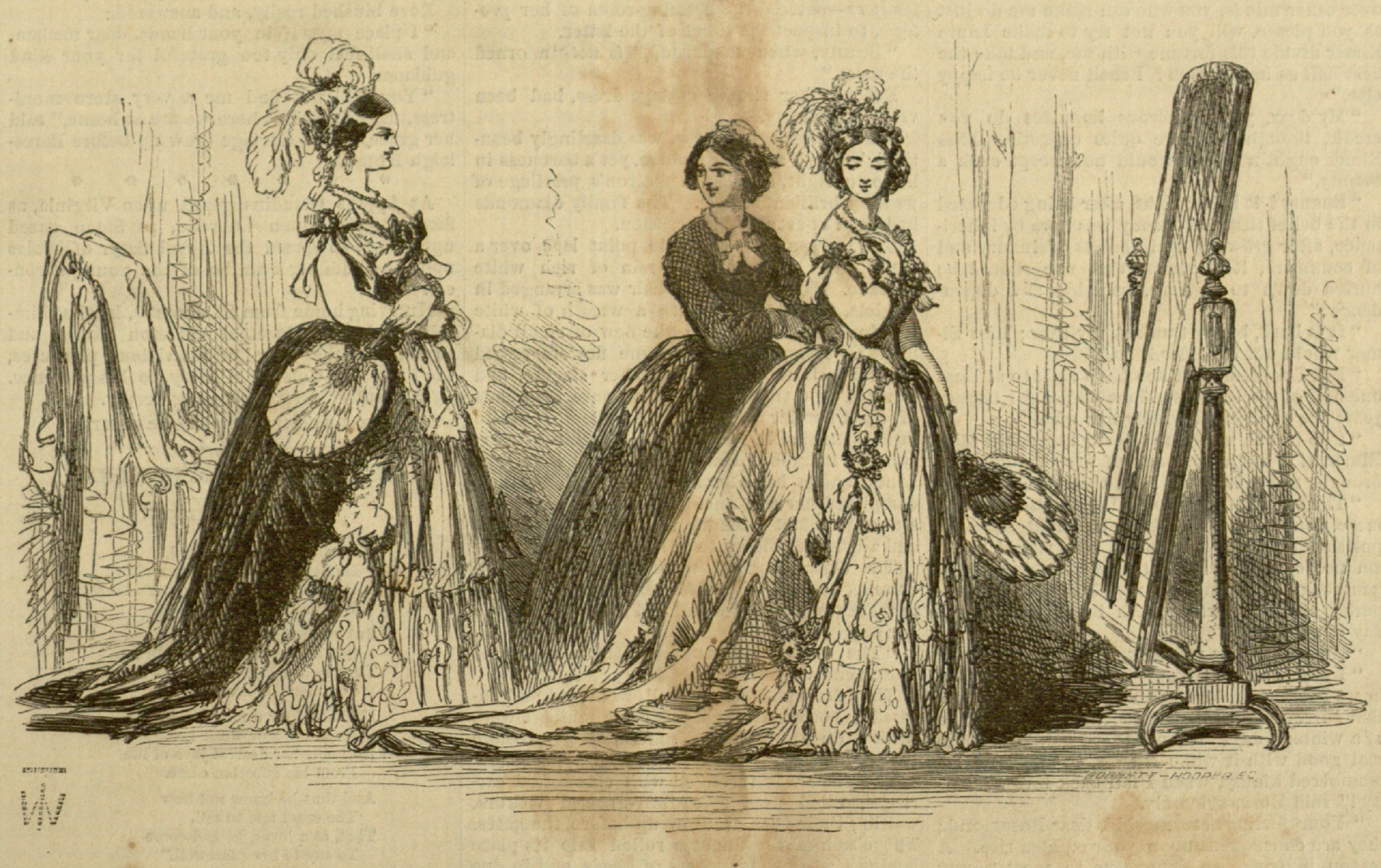
"Yes, I believe so, last week."

"Precisely."

"But in what manner does the decision of the great Swinburne case interest your most serene ladyship?" inquired the baronet, smiling.

"You shall know," said Lady Lester, rousing herself a little, taking the *Morning Post* from a table near, turning to the fashionable intelligence, and reading:

"'The Duchess of Beresleigh, and the ladies Wardour, have arrived at Beresleigh House. With her grace is the young and beautiful Rosamond Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne, in whose favor the great Etheridge case, that has occupied the House of Lords for so many weeks past, has lately been decided. At the next royal drawing-room, Lady Etheridge will be presented to their Majesties by the Duchess of Beresleigh, whose guest she remains for the season.'"



PREPARING FOR THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

"Well?" inquired the baronet, looking up inquiringly, as his lady finished reading.

"Well! Very well! Do you not perceive the purpose of the duchess in all this?"

"I confess I do not; the act seems perfectly natural. Beresleigh Court, if I recollect aright, is near Swinburne Castle; and what is more natural than that the duchess should *chaperone* this young lady, her neighbor, and with no other purpose than kindness to the orphan girl?"

"Orphan girl!—orphan *heiress* of the ancient barony of Swinburne Castle, and of sixty thousand pounds per annum! Ha! ha! such an orphan will not lack *friends* to pity her motherless and fatherless condition, and show all kindness," sneered the lady, with more of feeling than she usually betrayed.

"Well, my dear, that is natural also. I only hope that her friends may be judicious ones, and that the kindness shown may benefit without hurting her; still, I cannot see how this should interest us."

"You cannot! Well, perhaps your eyes may be opened when you shall have heard another little piece of gossip which I shall read to you."

And turning to another part of the paper, she read:

"'Approaching marriage in High life.—It is confidentally reported that the young Duke of B—l—h will soon lead to the Hymenial altar the youthful and lovely lady E—r—e of S—n-b—e.'

"There! now do you see?"

"I see that the paragraph means to say that the Duke of Beresleigh is about to marry Lady Etheridge."

"Exactly; and that is just what the old duchess intended when she invited the wealthy young baroness to become her guest," said Lady Lester, with so much asperity that Sir Vincent, raising his eyebrows, inquired, with some surprise—

"Well, my dear; and why should the manœuvres of the duchess in favor of her son discompose you?"

"Sir Vincent, I should think you might guess. It is perfectly disgusting to see how that old wretch has pounced down upon this young, inexperienced girl, just like a hawk upon a dove, and snapped her up for her own ruined spendthrift of a son, before she has had an opportunity of seeing the world and choosing for herself. I say it is perfectly disgusting."

"Perhaps it is, if true. But still, what is it to *us?*"

"Sir Vincent, we, also, have a son who must make an eligible marriage."

"Oh—h—h. I understand you. Lady Etheridge, with her vast estates, would have been a very desirable *parti* for Ruthven. But this atrocious old ogress of a manœuvering dowager has been beforehand with us," said the baronet, laughing, and then adding: "But never mind, my dear, let us hope it is not true; we have nothing to ground a belief upon but a newspaper paragraph, which is the most mendacious thing in existence. It is generally safe to believe just the opposite of that which it states."

"That is my only hope; and it is just possible that I may meet the duchess and this young paragon at Carleton House to-night; I have ordered Ruthven to attend me thither—and here he comes," said her ladyship, as the door opened, and gave admittance to Mr. Ruthven Lester.

"Success to your diplomacy. I would give the duchess a long start, and back your cool, clear head at any odds against all her grace's hot haste," said the baronet, smiling.

"And, by the way, Sir Vincent, if you should go out before I rise in the morning, I wish you would leave me a check for a thousand pounds! I must give a party for this young baroness."

"Ah, these tickets in the matrimonial lottery cost something, I see," thought Sir Vincent, as he gallantly handed his lady to her carriage.

At Carleton House, that evening, the beauty, fashion, and celebrity of the court and city were assembled to assist at one of the most brilliant entertainments that followed the nuptials of the Prince of Wales with the amiable and unfortunate Princess Caroline of Brunswick. It was a scene of almost Oriental magnificence, splendor, and luxury. Not the seraglio of an eastern sultan, or the sensual paradise of a follower of Mohammed, could have presented a larger or more varied collection of houries than were gathered together in the royal drawing-rooms of Carleton House. Above this crowd of brilliant brunettes and delicate blondes, no less than four rival queens of beauty contended for the crown; these were the Duchesses of Devonshire and Gordon and the two Misses Gunning. But these ladies had been for many seasons the admired of all admirers, and though the lustre of their bloom had scarcely commenced to fall, the charm of their novelty was certainly dimmed.

Lady Lester made a point of arriving late. The rooms were quite full. After having paid her respects to the Prince and Princess of Wales, leaning on the arm of her son, she made a tour of the rooms, in search of the Duchess of Beresleigh and her party. In vain, for neither the duchess nor the Ladies Wardour were anywhere to be seen. Though constantly nodding, and smiling, and exchanging compliments with her fashionable friends, and longing to make inquiries, she forbore, from that deep policy that taught her what great results sometimes spring from trifles; for to ask for the Duchess of Beresleigh would turn the conversation upon her grace and her grace's beautiful guest, the wealthy young baroness, and start no one could foresee how many rival schemes to entrap the heiress.

"I see how it is," said Lady Lester to herself. "The duchess will not bring her *here* for two reasons that are now very apparent to me: the first is, that this profligate Prince of Wales, who is in no degree reformed by his marriage with a woman whom he cannot appreciate, who has besides grown weary of his old flames, must not be permitted to see Lady Etheridge until she is secured to the duke; and the second reason is, that the young baroness is evidently intended to make her *débût* in society upon the occasion of her first presentation to their Majesties. Consequently, I cannot issue tickets for my party until I know when the next drawing-room is to be held."

And, wearied with her fruitless promenade, Lady Lester turned into an alcove shaded and perfumed with many boughs and wreaths of flowers, seated herself within its cool shadows, and said:

"You may go and leave me here to rest for half an hour, Ruthven, and then order the carriage and return for me."

The young man departed, nothing loth, and the lady, indolently fanning herself, fell into meditation.

She was soon interrupted by the approach of two persons. With the secretiveness and curiosity of her nature, she withdrew into the deepest shadows of the alcove, where she was quite concealed by the branches of an orange-tree.

The two persons entered the alcove. The first she recognized as the Prince of Wales, the second as one of his gentlemen in waiting, known even then as the confidant of his pleasures and vices.

"You perceive that the duchess has not appeared here this evening with the beauty," said the prince.

"No, your Royal Highness."

"But then the Duchess of Beresleigh never was an *habitué* of Carleton House. You have seen this new beauty?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness."

"And are her charms as great as they have been represented?"

"Your Royal Highness may be assured that she is a prize worth all the trouble that we shall have to gain her. She is about twenty-two years of age, her form is of medium height and beautifully proportioned, though not yet so rounded as it will be in a few years. Her complexion is as fair as a lily, and as blooming as a rose. Her features of a delicate Grecian cast. Her eyes of dark, brilliant blue. Her cheeks are roses, her lips rose-buds. And her hair, of a bright, warm, golden hue, surrounds this beauteous face like a halo. She is not only a beauty of the first order, but more than that, a beauty of your Royal Highness's own exquisite taste," said the minion, with a truculent bow.

"McMahone, you have succeeded in exciting my interest in this fair creature, and now I shall rely on your skill and address in procuring an interview with her."

"Your Royal Highness knows that I am ever keenly alive to your wishes, and active in your service; and though this Hesperian fruit is guarded by a terrible dragon in the shape of a duchess, I do not at all despair of plucking it for your Royal Highness."

"And remember that a prince's gratitude waits on your success."

The parties then left the alcove, and mingled with the company.

"Oh, the wretches! the atrocious wretches!" exclaimed Lady Lester, emerging from her concealment, and quite aroused from her usual apathy by the discovery of a plot that threatened not only the ruin of her own plans, but the total destruction of an innocent girl. "The most heinous wretches! And what a fate is this of the friendless young baroness, exposed alike to the matrimonial manœuvres of an old dowager, and the pursuit of a profligate prince! I must find some way of rescuing her from these perils," concluded her ladyship, highly indignant at the enormity of others, yet in her sweet, human self-deception quite unconscious that her own plans in regard to the young baroness were quite as mercenary as those ascribed to the duchess, if not as dishonorable as those discovered in the prince.

The return of Ruthven Lester put an end to her soliloquy. She took the arm of her son, went and made her *congé* to the unhappy Princess of Wales, and left the palace.

In the hall of Lester House she encountered Sir Vincent, who had just returned from a protracted debate in the House of Commons.

"Well, has your ladyship inveigled—I beg your pardon—fascinated this little rustic beauty?" inquired the baronet.

"I have not even seen her. Trust the duchess for that. I might have known it. Their party was not at Carleton House," said her ladyship, pettishly.

"Very proper! Carleton House is precisely the last place in the kingdom to which I should introduce a young beauty," replied the baronet.

"Oh, it was not altogether an objection to the society to be found at Carleton House that caused the duchess to absent herself with her charge; it was, I presume, with the intention that the young heiress should make her *débût* in the drawing-room of their Majesties."

"Quite right," said the baronet, smiling.

"And now, Sir Vincent, I must wish you good night and retire," said her ladyship, with a cool bend of her fair head, as she floated past and ascended the stairs to her dressing-room, where she found Mademoiselle Jeanette, the ministering priestess of that temple of vanity, in attendance.

Lady Lester sank indolently into her dressing chair, lifted her languid eyes to the mirror before her, and started to see the careworn look upon her usually calm face.

"I protest a few more hours of such unpleasant excitement as I have had this evening will give me quite a middle-aged aspect. I really cannot afford, at my age, to make myself anxious on Ruthven's account. He must take his chance with others. And yet it would be a great pity to let this rich old barony of Swinburne slip out of our reach for the want of a little exertion on my part. Well, it is of no use to lose my sleep with thinking. The day is long enough for that. Jeanette!"

"Oui, milady."

"Bring me some of those sedative drops; make my chamber quite dark, and remember in the morning to be in attendance here, to prevent any one making the least noise near my door. I must sleep for twelve hours, Jeanette."

"Oui, certainement, madame," replied the obsequious *femme de chambre*, as she assisted her mistress to divest herself of the ball dress and prepare for repose.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DUCHESS OF BERESLEIGH.

> And now I see with eyes serene,
> The very pulse of the machine,
> A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveller betwixt life and death;
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit, still and bright,
> With something of an angel light.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

The Duchess of Beresleigh was a very different woman from that which the jealousy and suspicions of Lady Lester had represented her to be. Her title of "Grace" was no misnomer. She was one of nature's as well as of society's noblewomen—one whose personal excellence might have redeemed her whole order from the charge of irrational pride and hard selfishness. Born to her high rank, she had nevertheless regarded it as investing her rather with duties and responsibilities towards her less fortunate fellow-creatures than with privileges to scorn or oppress them. She ever, in grateful humility, remembered Him who had made her healthful, beautiful, intellectual, powerful, good and great, to differ from the sickliest, plainest, simplest, poorest and feeblest dependant on her estate.

On meeting such an one, bowed down with illness, poverty and despair, her thought would often be:

"My spirit might have been sent into that body, and invested with those trials and sufferings. Why have I been spared and that one afflicted? I know not; but I feel that the

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possession of superior advantages brings with it terrible responsibilities."

And with these thoughts, and upon these principles, the duchess spent much of her time, talents and means in the relief and reform of those dependent upon her. Personally or by proxy, she assisted the poor, cured the sick, instructed the ignorant, and reformed the guilty. She educated her sons and daughters in the same high and holy principles that governed her own conduct.

They had lived mostly at Beresleigh Court, which adjoined Swinburne Chase, but the families had never been intimate, because the duchess had deeply disapproved the character and conduct of the late baron as well as that of the guardian he had left over his heiress; and, in fact, soon after the death of the baron, the Duke of Beresleigh had been appointed resident minister at one of the continental courts, where, at the end of five years, he died.

The duchess and her family spent their first year of mourning in retirement, on the Continent, and then returned to Beresleigh Court.

It was but a few weeks after their settlement at home that Doctor Seymour called upon the duchess, and commended to her kind offices the new Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne, and, in answer to the inquiries of her grace, related the strange discovery that had thrown down one young girl from rank and wealth to poverty and dependence, and elevated another from indigence and obscurity to fortune and power. The worthy doctor spoke of both these young persons with the highest praise of their conduct under their opposite ordeals of sudden prosperity and sudden adversity.

The duchess was at once interested in the new claimant of her neighborly attentions; and no less so in the high-souled woman who had so promptly resigned her fortune and position, and so nobly sustained her cruel reverses.

Her grace promised to call on the new Lady Etheridge, and secretly resolved also, as soon as she should go up to town, to seek out Laura Elmer.

She kept her word, and took an early opportunity of visiting Swinburne Castle. The beauty, goodness and intelligence of the young baroness soon won the love and esteem of the duchess, than whom no woman ever lived better able to judge of the characters of those with whom she was brought into communion.

After the interchanging of several visits between the duchess and Lady Etheridge, her grace invited the young baroness to spend some weeks at Beresleigh Court.

Rose accepted the invitation, and passed a month very pleasantly with her new friends.

It was in the intimacy of daily intercourse that Rosamond learned to revere the lofty character of the duchess, and to love the amiable dispositions of the young Ladies Wardour.

But there was another member of the family that interested Rosamond scarcely less than did the duchess and her daughters; this was, indeed, the present head of the house.

George, Duke of Beresleigh, was now in the thirty-third year of his age. To a very handsome person he united a highly cultivated mind and an amiable heart.

Benevolence towards a friendless young woman, newly come into his own rank, and holding a very doubtful footing there, first induced him to follow the recommendation of his mother, and show some kindly attention to her guest. But this course of conduct, commenced from duty, was continued from inclination.

To his surprise and pleasure he found nothing underbred in the manner and nothing vulgar in the mind of this young beauty and new-made baroness; indeed, every day discovered new graces in her person and in her spirit; and the duke soon found admiration growing into a warmer and more permanent sentiment.

But at thirty-three men are not so apt to act rashly from an impulse of admiration or affection, as they are at ten years younger or ten years older than that age; consequently, the duke held his inclinations in check, and restricted his attentions to Rosamond within such limits of intellectual intercommunion as should be safe to both.

Rosamond, on her part, began by admiring the son for his resemblance, in person and in character, to the mother whom she so deeply revered; next, she found herself taking great pleasure in the society and conversation of the duke, when he was present, and in thoughts and memories of him when he was absent; then her mind became more occupied with the future than with the past. The memory of her false and unworthy love was fading from her heart like the black shadows of night. The hope of a higher and holier affection was dawning upon her soul like the bright beams of morning. Yet was Rosamond surprised and shocked at this change in herself.

It is always so with the earnest young hearts. They cherish the sorrow of a first disappointment as if it were some holy thing; they will not let it go, until the wise and tender mother, Nature, gradually steals away the dark shadow of a past dream, and substitutes the bright substances of a present reality.

Rosamond seldom or never recurred to the subject of Albert Hastings *alias* William Lovel, and when she did, it was only to wonder how she could have honored him, first, with such a degree of love, and secondly, with such a degree of hate, when in fact the best and the worst that he deserved was simply pity and contempt.

Still she was surprised and humiliated to find her affections going out towards another object.

"Is it possible," she said to herself, "that my nature is so light as to change easily? I will go back to the solitude of Swinburne Castle, and take myself seriously to task, and try to come to my senses. In truth, it is quite time, since my thoughts are running upon one who has never requested me so to employ them."

And back to Swinburne Castle went the young baroness, but not to remain there long.

The Duchess of Beresleigh, with her family, was going to town for the season. She came over to Swinburne Castle, invited Rosamond to be of her party, and would take no denial.

Rosamond, who could refuse the duchess nothing, after a feeble resistance, yielded. And accordingly it was arranged that Lady Etheridge of Swinburne should accompany them to town, and enter society under the auspices of the Duchess of Beresleigh.

The duke preceded the family by two or three weeks, in order to take his seat in the House of Lords, and give his vote and influence in favor of Rosamond Etheridge, whose claim to the Barony of Swinburne was then before the peers. There was, however, scarcely a shadow of doubt upon the minds of any as to the final issue of the case.

A few days previous to the commencement of the Duchess of Beresleigh's journey to London, the duke ran down to Somerset, and suddenly appeared at Beresleigh Court, with the news that the great case had been decided in favor of Rosamond Etheridge.

The duchess expressed her gratification, and immediately ordered her carriage, and rode over to Swinburne Castle, to convey the joyful intelligence to the young baroness.

She found Rose in the library, engaged in her studies.

"I have come to tell you, my dear, that the House of Lords have just confirmed your claim to the Barony of Swinburne. The case was decided the night before last, and Beresleigh immediately took post horses and set out, and has travelled night and day to bring us the intelligence. Let me be the first to congratulate you, my dear."

Rosamond burst into tears and sobbed aloud, crying:

"Oh, Laura! Laura! Oh, Laura! Laura!"

The duchess looked surprised.

Rosamond tried to compose herself, and faltered forth:

"Oh, madam, do not wonder that I weep so! The fiat that confirms my right to a splendor for which I never was intended, condemns another and a better woman, who would have graced this rank, to a life of poverty and obscurity. Oh, Laura! Laura! how much better you would have become this state than I!"

"Your emotion shows a good heart, my dear. Still, as justice is on your own side, and justice should always be done, I am very glad that the case has been decided in your favor. When we go up to London we will seek out Miss Elmer, and do all that we can to soften the hardship of her reverses, and show our respect for her noble character," said the duchess, soothingly.

Rosamond seized her hand, and kissed it fervently, exclaiming:

"Oh, madam! you who have so much power over other minds, you who can make me do just as you please, will you not try to make Laura Elmer divide this fortune with me, and take the best half as her portion? I shall never be happy else."

"My dear, your generous impulses do you credit, though they are quite quixotic. Miss Elmer ought not and would not accept such a bounty."

"Bounty! it is her right, after being educated in the belief that this barony was hers by inheritance, after growing up in habits of luxury and of command, it is unjust that she should be hurled down to poverty, hardship and dependence!"

"It is hard, but not unjust, my dear; Miss Elmer would not consider it so."

"But I contend that she has a *right* to at least one-half of those possessions which for twenty years she considered wholly her own."

"I do not think so, my dear; nor could Miss Elmer, if I judge correctly of her character, be brought to see it in the light that you do."

"Then what shall I do? I feel myself to be a mere usurper, holding for a transient season a position to which I have no real right! and I am not even permitted to perform any act of generosity to distinguish my short day of prosperity, and comfort me with its memory in my day of adversity."

"How strangely you talk, Rosamond."

"I talk as I feel, your grace! Deep in my heart I feel that this garish splendor of fortune that surrounds me is as transient as the sunshine of a winter's day! Would that I could do some real good with it while it lasts, to make me remembered kindly, when I fall back into obscurity!" said Rose, solemnly.

"Your feelings are morbid, dear Rosamond; they are consequent upon your sudden rise. A season in town, so dangerous to most young persons, will be really healthful to you; variety will dissipate your gloomy pre-visions," said the duchess, pleasantly.

"Gloomy! They are not gloomy. And indeed they would be cheerful, if I could think that, when I sink out of sight, dear Laura could take her place again."

The duchess arose and kissed her brow, and bade her hasten her preparations for their journey to town, and then took her leave.

A beautiful confidence subsisted between the duke and duchess, the mother and her only son.

Thus, when the duchess returned home, she first went into her dressing-room to lay off her bonnet and shawl, and then repaired to the library, where she was almost sure of finding the duke.

Sinking upon a sofa, and looking at him affectionately, she said:

"George, I have just returned from carrying to Lady Etheridge the intelligence of her good fortune. I am more than ever pleased with her. Surely prosperity never came to one more truly deserving of it, who would wear it more meekly or use it more worthily."

The duke's eyes beamed. What lover does not delight in hearing his loved one praised? The duchess saw the joy of his countenance, and, smiling archly, said:

"I think, George, you have quite as good an opinion as myself, of this young lady."

"Madam, I am so deeply interested in this young lady that I tremble for the ordeal to which this London season will subject—her goodness and my happiness?"

"Ah! is it so, George? I had even judged as much! Why, then, do you not secure this prize while it is easily within your reach, and before any rival can endanger your success? Why do you not propose to her at once, before we go up to town? I feel very sure that Lady Etheridge is not indifferent to you.'"

"Why! dear madam, I am certain that I should have loved this lovely Rosamond had I met her in the humblest society, and become as well acquainted with her heart and mind as I am now. Therefore, it is from no doubt of my own feelings that I now hesitate."

"Then you need not hesitate from any doubt of *hers*. I am sure that she likes you well enough to listen to your suit; so you may propose at once if you like, and lady Etheridge will enter the world as your betrothed bride—inaccessible to all rival suitors."

"Dear madam, that is just what I cannot in honor do. To bind so inexperienced a young creature by a premature engagement, before she has had an opportunity of seeing the world, looks too much like entrapping an heiress. No; highly as I admire, deeply as I love, Lady Etheridge, I must suppress my feelings, until by a free intercourse with society, she shall have an excellent opportunity of comparing her present humble admirer with others more deserving of her favor. Then only will I lay my suit at the feet of Lady Etheridge."

The duchess blushed deeply as she answered:

"I see the wisdom as well as the delicacy of your delay, Beresleigh; and I admit that my anxiety to gain you so fair and so good a prize had blinded me to the proper course of action. I can only say now, that you are perfectly right, and I can only hope that heaven may bless your rectitude."

With this the mother and son parted to dress for dinner.

And within a week from this day, the duchess and her family, accompanied by Lady Etheridge, set out for London, and in due course of time arrived at their town residence, Beresleigh House, Belgrave-square.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RISING STAR.

To hide true worth from public view
 Is burying diamonds in their mine;
"All is not gold that shines," 'tis true,
 But all that *is* gold *ought* to shine.
BISHOP.

As soon as it was known that the Duchess of Beresleigh, with the young Ladies Wardour and the youthful heiress of Swinburne, was in town, a shower of cards fell daily at Beresleigh House. These her grace duly acknowledged by sending or leaving her own card at various residences of the callers.

Many morning visits were also made to the boudoir of the duchess, and these her grace received alone, or with her daughters.

Lady Etheridge was always invited.

Numerous invitations to dinners, evening parties, balls, etc., arrived for the ladies of the family; but all these were politely declined, except such as referred to entertainments to be given after the first drawing-room of the season. In a word, the duchess had determined that her beautiful young guest should make her first entrance into society at the Royal Palace of St. James. With a woman's zest and a mother's zeal she superintended the preparation of a magnificent court dress for Lady Etheridge.

The important day arrived.

Wishing upon this occasion to give her whole attention to her young *protégée*, the duchess resolved not to embarrass herself with all her daughters. Therefore, she decided that for once the Ladies Wardour should remain at home.

As by her rank the Duchess of Beresleigh took precedence of all ladies, except the duchesses of royal descent, it was proper that her grace should be early at the palace. The drawing-room was to be held from twelve to three.

At half-past eleven the duchess, in her court dress—a white satin skirt, a purple velvet train, an ermine mantle, and head-dress formed of a circlet of diamonds and a plume of ostrich feathers—entered the dressing-room of her *protégée*, to inspect the toilet of the latter.

"Beauty, when unadorned," *is not* "adorned the most."

Rose, in her simple cottage dress, had been very, very pretty.

Rose, in her court dress, was dazzlingly beautiful. Though a young maiden, yet a baroness in her own right, she had a matron's privilege of wearing brilliant jewels. The family diamonds had been re-set for this occasion.

She wore a robe of white point lace over a white satin skirt, and a train of rich white brocade. Her glossy light hair was arranged in ringlets, and crowned with a wreath of white rose-buds, glittering with the dew of small diamonds. Bouquets of the same flowers rested upon her bosom, looped up her sleeves, and fastened her train. Circlets of pure diamonds invested her fair neck and arms. Boots of white satin, with diamond buckles; snow-white gloves; a fan of marabout feathers, mounted with brilliants, and a handkerchief of cobweb texture, completed her costume. Excitement had given a more brilliant splendor to her deep blue eyes, and a brighter bloom to her roseate cheeks.

The duchess gazed upon her with delight, commended the skill of Mademoiselle Gabrielle, the French dressing-maid, and then turning to her *protégée*, said:

"The carriage is announced, love, and it is quite time we were off."

They descended to the hall, went out and entered the coach, and in a few more minutes were rolling on towards St. James's Palace, where they arrived at twelve o'clock.

The place was thronged with coronetted carriages, filled with splendidly-dressed visitors, waiting their turn to draw up before the gates. The coach of the duchess rolled into its place behind that of the Duchess of Leeds, and in due time drew up before the palace doors.

The duchess and her *protégée* alighted and entered the palace.

Queen Charlotte had brought from her father's court much of the German love of solemn pomp. The outer halls and ante-rooms of St. James's were filled with officers of the household, in their gorgeous costumes, and with their badges of office.

Leaning upon the arm of the duchess, Lady Etheridge trembled, as many a novice has done before and since, under the overwhelming effect of royal state and magnificence. A few judicious words from the duchess re-assured her, and they passed on to the drawing-room, that was already filled with a brilliant company.

At the upper end of the room stood the royal party, consisting of the king and queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Dukes of York and Clarence, and the Princesses Augusta and Amelia. The Duchess of Norfolk was just in the act of paying her respects to royalty. The Duchess of Beresleigh took her place in the circle, and, whilst waiting her turn, quietly indicated to Lady Etheridge the most noted persons present.

First she named the members of the royal party, upon whom Rose gazed with a hushed and awful veneration.

"That very ordinary-looking old gentleman, my dear, is really the king. That very plain elderly lady on his left, is truly the queen. That handsome, somewhat dissipated-looking man, on the left of her majesty, is the Prince of Wales. The unhappy-looking woman by his side is the newly married Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales. The young ladies on the right of his majesty are the Princesses Augusta and Amelia. The young gentlemen by their sides are the Dukes of York and Clarence," said the duchess, in a voice so low as to be quite inaudible to any one except the interlocutor.

"And those standing behind the royal party?" inquired Rose, in a subdued key.

"They are the lords and ladies in waiting upon their majesties—Lord Aylesbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Holderness, Lady Lester, and Colonel Hastings."

At the naming of the two last Rose started, and changed color so visibly, that the duchess turned and looked at her in silent inquiry.

"Oh," said Rose, in a voice scarcely above her breath, "Colonel Hastings was the guardian of Laura Elmer when she was supposed to be the heiress of Swinburne, and Lady Lester is her present employer and patroness. The sudden sight of persons in such interesting relations with my dearest friend, rather startled me."

"Ah, I see," replied her grace, drawing the arm of her *protégée* within her own, and moving on towards the royal party.

And while the room seemed whirling around with Rose, the duchess paid her respects to their majesties, and presented "The Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne."

Rose curtsied lowly, and blushed deeply, as she bowed over and kissed the hand that was offered to her salute.

Her graceful embarrassment was without the least *mauvais honte*, and did not detract from her beauty.

A loud murmur of admiration ran through the royal circle as the duchess and her beautiful *protégée* passed on. As they receded from the royal party, the subdued whisper of admiration which respect for majesty had restrained, grew more audible, and exclamations of—

"How beautiful!"

"How graceful!"

"How elegant!"

"This rising star will eclipse all the court beauties!" were heard all around.

And one baleful whisper reached the ears of the duchess.

"Look, how the eyes of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales follow her! We shall have a new sultana, *vice* the Countess of Jersey, deposed."

On hearing this wicked whisper, the import of which did not reach the intelligence of Rose's innocent nature, the duchess looked around haughtily, and silenced by a glance, the unprincipled speaker, whom she recognized as an officer of the guard in attendance upon the prince's person.

She passed on with her *protégée* through the crowded ante-rooms to the outer hall, and thence to her carriage.

"You have made what is called a 'great sensation,' my love. Expect to be invited to the court balls, and everywhere else as a matter of course. Invitations will pour in upon you. And now that you have, as in duty bound, paid your respects first to royalty, you are at liberty to enter freely into the gayeties of society. Go everywhere you please, excepting always to Carleton House," said the duchess, as they drove homeward.

"Carleton House?" echoed the young baroness, in wonder.

"Yes, my dear, Carleton House, the palace of the Prince and Princess of Wales."

"But why not to Carleton House, madam?"

"Because, my dear, I do not think it expedient that you should go there."

The eyes of Rose opened wide in astonishment.

"But why? If it is the home of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and if they deign to invite me?"

"My love, I desire you to trust in my having a good reason for interdicting Carleton House to you, without asking me to explain what that reason is," said the duchess very gravely.

Rose blushed rosily, and answered:

"I place myself in your hands, dear madam, and shall feel only too grateful for your kind guidance."

"You will not find me a very stern monitress, my dear. But here we are at home," said her grace, as the carriage drew up before Beresleigh House.

* * * * * * *

As Appius Claudius gazed upon Virginia, as Sextus gazed upon Lucretia, as Satan gazed upon Eve, so gazed the Royal Satyr of Wales upon the budding beauties of the young baroness.

Hurrying home from St. James's, he shut himself up in his closet at Carleton House, and summoned the jackal of his vicious pleasures, the infamous Colonel M'Elroy, to his presence.

This officer entered, bowing deeply.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE WINTER EVENING WANED.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

The winter evening waned,
 Dim grew the fire's warm glow;
And hope within the watcher's breast
 Was getting faint and low.

But suddenly she heard
 Quick footsteps on the stair;
Then sighs and tears at once are stayed,
 The man she loves is there.

He knew how strong her love,
 He knew how weak her frame,
He *knew* her dearest joys of life
 From his affection came.

And thus he knew not how
 The cruel tale to tell,
That, as a lover, he had come
 To say to her "farewell."

But in man's heart there lurks
 A cruel, savage power,
And with relentless hand he tore
 Love's tender bands that hour.

He put away her hold,
 He forced her hands apart;
And with firm step he strode away,
 Leaving a breaking heart.

Darkness was on the earth,
 No human ear or eye
Was witness to her struggle with
 That mortal agony.

But God, from his high seat,
 Saw all the cruel sight:
HE hears each choking cry of pain;
 HE will *all* wrongs requite.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SKELETON.

BY ANNA YOUNG, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST DEEDS."

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

After a momentary pause, the skeleton commenced:

"I was the only child of a Cuban planter, who owned extensive estates, and a large number of slaves. I was carefully educated, and my father, who was a man of enlarged mind, and superior culture, took great delight in the progress I made. My mother was an invalid, and I only remember her as a pale, delicate shadow, who faded from among us while I was yet a small boy. My father never married again, and I was left without the gentle, restraining influence, a mother might have exercised over me. Passionate, impulsive, yet recklessly generous, I was at nineteen, a fair type of a Cuban youth, who had known neither restraint nor sorrow. A sudden pestilence swept over my native island, and my kind father fell a victim to it. In his will he appointed an English merchant in Havana, of the name of Dalton, my guardian, and expressed the wish that I would consent to reside a few years in England, to acquire perfect command of the language, and complete the course of studies his death must interrupt.

"I grieved for him sincerely, and his wishes were sacred to me; I resigned myself to the control of Mr. Dalton, and he made arrangements with his brother, a clergyman in one of the most picturesque districts in his native land, to receive me among a class of young men he was preparing to enter college.

"I remained with the reverend Mr. Dalton three years, though I had attained my majority, and received letters from my guardian entreating me to return home, and assume the management of my large estate. Why I refused to do so, you will readily divine. I had fallen in love; and in spite of the most persevering opposition to my choice, on the part of my English friends, I was resolute not to give up its object.

"That Mary Allen was beautiful you already know, for her picture now looks down upon us wearing the semblance of an angel; but how charming, how fascinating she was, only the heart that was blessed with her love, can know.

"In the village attached to Mr. Dalton's pastoral charge, was a female school, in which young girls were prepared for the arduous duties of teachers; among these, was this lovely orphan who had but one relative on earth, on whom she had any claim—a twin brother who had been thrown upon his own resources at an age when other boys are cared for and looked after by those solicitous for their future welfare. Their father had held some inferior position in the navy, and the lad had inherited his love of the ocean. The elder Allen lost his life in the West Indies by a blow from a Spanish sailor, and the son cherished a deadly hatred against all foreigners, especially against those of my own race.

"The tenderest attachment existed between the brother and sister; and from his hard and scanty earnings, Thomas Allen contrived to keep her in Mrs. Eston's academy; her grateful heart clung to him with even stronger affection than the near tie between them rendered natural; and both declared that when any evil menaced one, the other intuitively knew and felt it.

"The life led by Thomas Allen was wandering and rather suspicious; and more than one person in the village believed that he was attached to a gang of smugglers who infested the neighboring coast. But no one proceeded beyond insinuations, for too much sympathy was felt for the brother and sister, to render any one willing to accuse him openly of gaining money unlawfully.

"When my passion for Mary Allen was discovered, my friends represented to me the equivocal position of her brother—the want of family and fortune in the girl of my choice; but mine was not a nature to weigh such objections against the object of a first ardent affection. I became acquainted with Mary in one of my rambles, and met her again and again; at first by accident, afterwards through design, and a strong mutual attachment sprang up between us, before either of us was aware of the course our feelings were taking.

"I spurned the thought of giving her up. Mary was lovely and intelligent; she loved me. What more could any reasonable being ask? I was quite satisfied to take her as my wife, and aid her brother to establish a more respectable position for himself. We had been conditionally betrothed many weeks before I saw her brother. I was only waiting for him to visit her, to propose to him to return with me to my own island home, and aid me in the management of my property. A home he should have beneath the roof that claimed his sister as its mistress.

"With my mind full of these plans for Allen's future elevation and benefit, I went to meet Mary at our usual trysting-place—a rocky headland that jutted out toward the sea, and afforded a fine view over the expanse of blue water. A small, natural cavern afforded us shelter, over which hung a gnarled and stunted tree.

"I had earnestly pleaded with her to give me her hand without delay, but she insisted that her brother must first learn and approve her choice. He had been always kind to her, to him she was indebted for everything, and she could not marry without consulting him. Allen's visits to his sister were made in secret, and often at long intervals, and weeks rolled by after this promise was made without bringing him to Waterton. I became impatient, my guardian had written to me that my property was suffering for the want of its master, and my mind was made up to extort from my betrothed her consent to an immediate marriage.

"She met me with a smile, but I saw that she was pale, and her eyes showed traces of recent tears. I questioned her so closely that she confessed the cause of her emotion. A letter from her brother had reached her, in which he positively forbade our union; he upbraided her with her willingness to marry a foreigner, when she must be aware of his bitter prejudices against them, and stated that he had other views for her, which must eventually promote her happiness more than a marriage with me. He did not believe the stories told of my fortune, and position in my own country; and be they true or false, he would never consent that her lot should be cast with mine.

"This was a most unexpected turn of affairs. I, who had been willing to concede so much to claim her as my bride, found myself the rejected of this vagabond brother.

"All my pride was aroused, and I haughtily said:

"'Choose between your brother and myself. I can give you wealth, position, and above all, a heart that loves you beyond everything else on earth. If these cannot outweigh his absurd objections to our union, your affection for me is not worth much.'

"'It is deep, true and tender as plighted love ever was, but the tie between myself and my brother is peculiar. A link binds us together, stronger, firmer than the ordinary love of brother and sister. He is my twin soul, and even if I would, I cannot sever myself from the influence he possesses over me. My hand cannot be yours without his consent, for I should do violence to my own nature in refusing to obey him.'

"'Am I then to understand that you will give me up, at his bidding?' I hastily inquired.

"'Not without an effort to win over poor Tom's consent to our marriage. Do not be violent, Leon, for I cannot act otherwise. Even with you, I should be miserable if severed from my brother. You do not know what he is to me—how closely allied in spirit we are. *He* loves me, too, and I hope to become the medium of reconciling his antipathies, and your pride.'

"'And if that should be proved impossible?' I asked.

"She became very pale, but quietly replied:

"'Then we must separate. My brother had a claim on me from the moment of our birth, which cannot be set aside. I feel it every hour of my life, and I know that for good or evil, my destiny is linked with his more firmly than it can ever become with that of any other creature.'

"I ground my teeth with rage, at this avowal. I uttered some violent exclamation which arrested a passer-by on the pathway above the nook that screened us from observation. The steps descended, and a young man of twenty, with handsome features, and that peculiar air which always distinguishes a sailor, stood before me. At a glance, he comprehended the scene, and his blue eyes flashed, as they met mine.

"Mary sprang forward with a cry, but he waved her back, and coolly said:

"'We are well met, sir; I wish to learn by what authority you have enticed this young girl from her duty, and induced her to meet you thus clandestinely?'

"I forced myself to say with calmness:

"'This young lady is my affianced wife, and I deny your right to censure anything she or I may choose to do.'

"He turned to Mary, and sternly asked:

"'Is this so? Affianced without my consent? and to one of that accursed race, by whose hand our father's blood was shed?'

"'Thomas—brother—don't be hard with me,' she pleaded. 'I love him—I have promised to marry him, with your approbation—but—but not without it.'

"'Then bid him farewell at once,' he arrogantly rejoined, 'for I swear to you, that my consent shall never be given.'

"I sprang toward him in my blind fury, but Mary threw herself between us—a single blow had been exchanged, and we stood glaring on each other. Then my better nature triumphed. I felt humiliated that I had acted thus in the presence of a woman, and I passed the brother and sister, merely saying:

"'Some other time will be more suitable for the settlement of our difficulty, Mr. Allen. I respect your sister too much to carry on our dispute in her presence. Let us meet calmly and discuss our mutual position, and perhaps your bitter prejudices may be modified by the certainty that the happiness of one you love is compromised by them.'

"He nodded, and said:

"'To-morrow, then, will do. I have no time to talk now, for I must take my sister back to the home she should not have left on such an errand as this.'

"On the following morning I saw Allen, and used every argument which could soften his prejudices against the proposed union; but he refused to be influenced by me. I truly believe that a species of insane jealousy was aroused in his mind, by the certainty that the heart of his sister had given him a formidable rival; and he was willing to sacrifice her future, sooner than see her the wife of a man she loved better than himself.

"I would not accept of his decision as final, and I appealed to my betrothed; she wept with passionate grief, but she refused to act contrary to the wishes of her brother. I left her in bitter anger, with the assurance that she had seen me for the last time; but a few hours of suffering convinced me that without Mary, my life would be too dreary—too aimless to be borne. I must win her—must triumph over the insane opposition of her brother, or become the most miserable of men.

"That night I could not sleep; the storm that raged in my soul was fitly echoed by the one that wailed around the gables of the old parsonage; for the September gales had set in, and the vivid lightning flashed momentarily across the lurid clouds. From my window, I could see the distant sea lashed into fury by the wind, and I also saw another object which brought a new train of reflections to my mind. A lugger was breasting the waves, and slowly making her way to a cove a few miles above the village, known as a favorite landing place for smugglers. The conviction flashed on my mind that to this vessel Tom Allen belonged. If I could ascertain her character—could prove his connection with those lawless men, he would be in my power, and I could dictate terms to him; then, as the price of his safety, I would demand the hand of his sister.

"I arose, hurriedly prepared to go out, and unbolting a window that opened upon a terrace, I sprang into the garden below. Familiar as I was with every winding walk in the neighborhood, dark as was the night in the intervals between the flashes of lightning, I had no difficulty in rapidly threading my way to the cliffs, and in a short time I stood upon that which overlooked the smugglers' cave.

"By the time I reached this spot the thunder was rolling away in the distance, the clouds parted, and a few stray gleams of misty moonlight fell upon the wide expanse of the sea. I saw that I had not been mistaken—the lugger had made a safe anchorage, and I peered over the edge of the cliff to discover what was going on below. The seamen were rapidly and silently working to discharge their cargo as quickly as possible, and occasionally a command was issued in a suppressed voice, which for some time I could not identify.

"An hour passed thus, and then a few words uttered more distinctly, ascended to my ears, giving confirmation to all I had suspected—for it was Tom Allen who spoke.

"'Get everything ready for a quick start, boys; I must go to the village now, but in two hours I shall be at the headland below Waterton, where you must have a boat in readiness to take me off. A lady passenger will come with me, so mind to have such accommodations ready for her as we can offer. Leave this point as soon as the wind lulls a little more, or that cursed revenue officer with his gang will be after us.'

"'Aye—aye, sir,' was the ready response, and a rapid step ascended the rugged path which led to the spot on which I lay crouched. I knew that Tom Allen was coming to meet me, that he was about to remove my adored Mary forever from me, and every drop of my wild, Spanish blood was in a tumult. I would settle the question between us then and there, and wring from him his consent to my marriage with his sister.

"I had no intention to commit any act of violence—no—Mary's brother would have been sacred to me under any other circumstances than those which followed. He who has already judged me, knows that I was innocent of premeditated murder; but a raging sense of insult and wretchedness was in my heart; I was reckless, and not in a mood to conciliate.

"I accosted Allen as he drew near me; denounced him as in my power, and bade him recall his refusal to sanction the choice of his sister, or take the consequences which should inevitably follow.

"I cannot repeat to you all that passed in that passionate interview; angry and bitter words followed each other in rapid succession, and at length Allen sprang upon me with the fury of an enraged tiger. We clutched each other in a death struggle, and he made Herculean efforts to hurl me over the brow of the precipice on which we stood.

"I was a practised wrestler, and physically quite a match for him, though our habits of life were so widely different. But Allen held me at a disadvantage, from the fact that at the moment the struggle commenced I was nearest to the edge of the bluff, and a few feet only separated me from the rocky depths below.

"He adroitly baffled every effort I made to change our relative positions, and at length made a last effort to throw me from him; in doing so he slipped, fell forward, and before he could recover himself, I exerted all my remaining strength, and hurled him over the fatal precipice. He clung wildly to me, and I clutched at anything that could save me from going down to destruction with him. A stunted alpine plant was grasped which tenaciously maintained its hold upon its granite bed, and I struggled madly to release myself from his frantic hold. Self-preservation then was the only instinct that guided me; I scarcely know how I freed myself, but I heard a dull, crashing sound—a cry of human anguish and despair was borne away upon the winds, and all was still.

"I lay upon the brow of that rocky crag breathless, exhausted by the struggle through which I had passed; but with an inexpressible sense of horror within my soul, as the certainty came to me that I had taken life—and that life one which was infinitely precious to the woman I loved! I felt as if a dark gulf had opened between us, which might never, never be passed.

"As the power of thought returned, I drew myself from the perilous position I occupied, and listened to the sounds from below, expecting every moment to hear some of Allen's men coming in pursuit of his murderer.

"There was a bustle among them, and I lay flat upon the ground, and peered over the cliff to ascertain what was going forward. A single glance showed me that the smugglers had work of more importance on their hands than looking after me.

"The clouds had now dispersed, and the moon shed a steady lustre upon the sea; a revenue cutter, cleared for action, was coming rapidly into the cove, and a larger vessel lay outside, ready to intercept the flight of the lugger if it should be attempted. The crew of the latter prepared for desperate resistance, and I watched the conflict with that intensity of interest always excited by the strife of human passions and interests, when they take the last, dire form of bloodshed.

"The smugglers fought with reckless courage, but their vessel was taken, and nearly the whole of the crew killed or made prisoners. The strife lasted barely half an hour, and when the issue became apparent, I began to think of myself and the position I occupied. The noise of the guns must soon attract some of the country people to the spot, and it was of vital importance to me that my presence in that place should not be even suspected. I began vaguely to see an avenue of escape opened to me by the occurrences of the night, and Mary might never know the hand by which her brother had perished.

"I looked around to discover if anything belonging to me remained upon the spot, and having satisfied myself that no evidence of my presence there could lead to my detection, I made my way to the parsonage without encountering any one. I entered through the same window, and sat down in the darkness to realize all that had occurred since I left that room.

"Safe once more at home, my mind began to reason accurately, and arrange the means of screening myself from the suspicion of Allen's murder. No human being knew that I had left the house that night, and the subsequent attack upon the smugglers would sufficiently account for the death of their captain, without reference to any other cause. After all, I had only acted in self-defence, and the laws of the country would never condemn what I had done; why then should conscience trouble me?

"No—it should not—I would trample the memory of the deed in oblivion, and forget that my hand had hurled Allen to destruction. Mary should yet be mine, even if I grasped her hand across the abyss into which I had hurled her wretched brother. I even argued that *now* she had no other dependence; I had taken from her the arm that sustained her, and mine must supply the place.

"As day dawned, I examined the condition of my clothes. I found them torn in several places, but as the garments were a rough suit I had used in my sporting excursions, that could be easily accounted for if any one should happen to remark the rents.

"In a state of mind far from enviable, I retired to my sleepless couch, intending to feign illness till after the first excitement occasioned by the events of the past night had passed away. My breakfast was served in my room, though I had little appetite for the dainties good Mrs. Dalton sent up to the supposed invalid. I listened with feverish restlessness to every sound in the house, for I knew that Mr. Dalton would come up himself to relate the capture of the smugglers, whenever the news reached him.

"At length I heard his measured steps approaching my door, and drew the covering more closely around my face, that he should not read there the agitation I might not be able wholly to control. He came in, looking very grave, and after some preliminary remarks informed me of what I already knew far better than himself. Then, with a very sad expression, he continued—

"'But the most painful part of this affair is, that no doubt can longer rest on the occupation of Tom Allen. He was found crushed upon the rocks beneath the cliff, and it is supposed that in attempting to escape from his foes below, he lost his footing and fell over.'

"'And his unfortunate sister?' I found breath to ask. 'Has she been informed of his hapless fate?'

"'I took upon myself that sad office, and I have just left her in a state of mind bordering on distraction. I am afraid this young woman has a most undisciplined mind, for she will listen to no consolation for the loss of her unhappy brother. It is a hard blow, doubtless, but it is far better for her that he should perish as he did, than be taken alive to bear the ignominious punishment which must have been his.'

"'Can the bereaved heart reason thus?' I indignantly asked. 'Oh! Mr. Dalton, this young girl loved her brother devotedly, and he was all she had to lean on.'

"'I am sorry for her, Leon; but I cannot regret that this discovery has happened at this crisis, as it will save you from an alliance most unsuited to your fortune and position. You can no longer think of making her your wife.'

"I started up, and exclaimed:

"'Yes—this very hour—if she will consent! What! shall *my* love fail her when she most needs it? Dastardly would be that heart which would shrink from the side of the beloved one in the hour of her greatest need! Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Dalton—I will go to her at once! I will renew the assurance of my affection; and she may find consolation in the certainty that she is not left alone on earth to mourn her bereavement, through years of darkness and desertion.'

"'Leon, this is very madness. Pause, reflect——'

"I turned gravely toward him, and quietly said:

"'This is a matter which needs no reflection. I am rich—I have no one to control me. My home is thousands of miles from here. I will marry Mary Allen, take her to the West Indies, and there, in the seclusion of my plantation, it is not likely that she can ever be identified as the smuggler's sister. Even if such a thing should happen, as *my* wife she will be lifted far above the petty malice of those who would scorn her for a crime in which she had no part.'

"Finding remonstrance useless, Mr. Dalton left me; and I sat down to write to Mary, for as yet I dared not meet her. Such a passionate outpouring of love and sympathy as I sent her, before the day was over, must have melted a heart of stone: the one I had to deal with was soft and tender, and in its bitter desolation it clung to me more fondly than before.

"When I could summon courage I went to her. I held her in my arms; and the tears shed for the fate of her miserable brother were wept upon the breast of his murderer. Yet I held myself justified in the course I pursued. To save my own life, I had been compelled to take his; and if I remained true to myself, no suspicion could ever fall upon me. Then wherefore suffer the phantom of remorse to come between me and happiness?

"*It should not!* The deed should be buried in oblivion; and Mary should be mine.

"'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay!'

"This solemn and awful warning came to me, but I would not hearken to it. I stifled every voice that warned me not to take this gentle spirit to my heart of hearts, with the burden of this great secret weighing upon it. I listened only to the voice of passion; and overruling or disregarding every objection, I married Mary Allen within a month after her brother's death, and set out with her for my own home.

"By the time we reached Havana the spirits of my bride had partially recovered from the shock they had received. Mary did not miss the companionship of her brother, for they had met rarely, and at long intervals; and her grief was more easily soothed by the tender and unremitting attentions I bestowed upon her. Oh, I cannot tell you how precious she was to me! how happy I was, in spite of the dark shadow which hung above my head, ready to swoop down, and blot out all the sunshine of my life!

"Yes, for a brief season, in spite of all that had passed, we were lapped in that enchanted elysium made by two young and hopeful hearts, devotedly attached to each other. Mary was charmed with the beauty of our tropical home; and months of delicious peace almost lulled me into forgetfulness of the tragic event which had secured this happiness. My plantation was in the interior of the island; and every appliance that wealth and taste could command had been called in requisition to adorn the residence which had been in my family for many generations.

"Through those stately halls my beautiful Peri glided in robes of white, crowned with love and happiness, each day of her young existence; and I forgot that retribution or sorrow could ever come to mar my dream of bliss.

"But, alas! my sin found me, and in a manner that thrilled me with awe, and awoke all the slumbering superstitions with which my negro nurse had filled my childish mind.

"As the summer season advanced I noticed that Mary often looked languid and spiritless. I watched her bright face grow clouded with a pang of such intense suffering as half expiated the crime I had perpetrated. Ah, if I could not render her happy, after all! At first I attributed her failing spirits to the influence of the warm weather upon her English constitution; but she declared that she felt as well as usual.

"It was soon evident to me that something weighed heavily upon her mind, for she would seclude herself for hours, and when I sought her she was often found in tears, the source of which she refused to reveal to me. I sometimes detected her gazing at me with mournful tenderness, and yet, when I approached her, there seemed to be an involuntary shrinking from my side, which was only overcome by an effort.

"I sought, by every means in my power, to divert her mind from the phantasy that filled it, for I could not find any real cause for depression. I travelled with her, and visited some of the fairest portions of the United States. My loving vanity induced me to deck her with a splendor befitting a princess, and she was sought after, and admired wherever she appeared. But nothing could lift that dreary sadness from her spirits, which deepened and darkened every day of her life.

"At her earnest desire, we returned to our own home; and when once there, I was resolute to discover the cause of my wife's sadness. One day I entered her apartment without announcing myself, by a light knock, as I was in the habit of doing. I found her prostrate on a couch, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes bathed in tears. As I approached her she started up, retreated from me, and, in wild tones, said:

"'Oh! Leon, do not come near me—pass not over that spot, for *he* stood there a moment since! Ah! I see his shadow there now!' and a strong shudder thrilled her frame.

"Bewildered by her strange words, I exclaimed:

"'*He!* Who? Are you mad, Mary, to speak thus to me?'

"'No, no—not mad! But I soon shall be, if this continues!'

"'What can you mean?' And the hollow tones of my own voice startled me, as the words fell on my ear. A vague sense of her true meaning seemed to enter my mind.

"'Come to me, Mary,—I *must* fathom the cause of your late unhappiness. Do you not see that your reserve—your avoidance of me is destroying me? Oh, child, child, I love you to madness; and you are tearing your heart from mine! yes—*tearing* it away; for it is agony to me as well as to you to bear this estrangement. Whence comes it? what causes it, my wife?'

"I drew near to her—I wound my arms around her shrinking form, and forced her to look into my eyes. Alas! what I read there did not assure me of recovered happiness. She seemed too much excited to speak. I urgently asked:

"'*Whose* shadow stood beside your couch, my poor, frightened dove?'

"Her pale lips unclosed, and she whispered:

"'*My brother's!*'

"If a volcano had exploded at my feet, I could not have been more startled. Strong man as I was, I came near fainting, and it was with difficulty I asked—

"'What can you mean, Mary?'

"'I mean that I am haunted by him while I sleep. It has now been many months since I could close my eyes in slumber without having poor Tom beside me; and he menaces me with everlasting wretchedness unless I sever myself from you. He reproaches me that I can find happiness with his destroyer. Oh Leon! speak to me—assure me of your innocence, and I will strive to believe you.'

"I listened in appalled silence, but after a pause I summoned courage to say:

"'On what ground can you bring such an absurd charge against me? Was not your brother lost in an encounter with the government officers? Then why attempt to fix the charge of his destruction on me?'

"Mary regarded me mournfully.

"'He has told me that he was *not* killed by them—that you thrust him over the bluff, and left him crushed and mangled, while you came to claim me as your bride. Why do I ask you to deny it, Leon, when I *know* that the truth has been communicated to me in a most extraordinary and supernatural manner.'

"I listened, and dared not repel the accusation, though I said everything which I thought could soothe her into a calmer state of mind. I was resolved that I would never confess the deed, though in doing so I could reveal all the palliating circumstances which led to it; but I felt from that hour that all happiness for me was at an end; confidence could never again be established between us; and, without that, wedded life is a poor and mean semblance of union.

"On questioning Mary more closely, she said that she had never seen her brother with her waking vision; it was only in a vivid dream, which recurred with regular pertinacity as soon as she closed her eyes in sleep, that she beheld him. I tried to persuade her that it was only a species of monomania, and even called in a physician to give his skill toward banishing the phantom that haunted her; but the impression seemed to deepen and darken as time went on. Each day her sad eyes looked into mine, conveying the assurance that even in death her lost brother possessed some mysterious power over the twin soul which had received into itself the spirit of life at the same instant, and linked her with him in an affinity which rendered her powerless to escape from the evil influence he exerted over her.

"The serpent had entered my Eden, and the sunshine, the glowing, tropical bloom that surrounded me, only rendered me more wretched from its contrast with my own scathed and burning soul. I do not think that I felt what is called remorse for the act I had committed; for Allen had attacked me first, and it was only to preserve my own life that I had taken his. A man must be a wretched craven indeed who would not defend the life God has given him to the last extremity, should it even result in the destruction of another; and a justifiable homicide is such in the sight of angels and men; then wherefore should I have felt remorse? For the sake of my wife I regretted deeply that I had been forced to the course which had resulted so fatally; but I was not willing to speak on this subject with Mary, and only in her dejected manner, and failing health, could I read the continued persecution she endured from the vindictive phantom that pursued her.

"I could not bear the estrangement that grew up between us. I frequently left my home for weeks together. I sought excitement in anything that offered itself. Politics, for the first time in my life, possessed an attraction for me, and I could not possibly have taken an interest in them at a more unfortunate crisis. The insane project of Lopez to free Cuba from Spanish control, aided by a few filibusters from the United States, was ripening to an outbreak. My name was among those on whom punishment fell when the expedition failed. I was proscribed and a price set upon my capture. I managed to reach my plantation in time to secure a considerable sum of money, and some jewels. With difficulty I escaped from the island with my wife, and a servant woman who had been her personal attendant.

"This fatal crisis in my affairs—the danger which menaced my life—seemed to arouse in Mary all the tenderness of her first affection for me; and spite of the change in our fortunes, my heart grew elate with the hope of renewed happiness. Alas! it was only for a season. We were no sooner settled in our new residence, than her old melancholy returned with renewed power.

"We came to New York. The depression of my wife deepened day by day, until at length it assumed the form of mania, and I saw too surely that confirmed madness must be the result. Society seemed only to increase it, and I withdrew her from it entirely. In a large city like this, it was easy to seclude ourselves from the knowledge of those to whom we were known. I took the obscure lodgings in which you found us, chiefly because the windows looked toward the bay, and its restless waves seemed to possess some powerful attraction for Mary. She pined for a sight of the blue waters whose moan had been her infant lullaby, and she would sit for hours gazing out upon them, sometimes muttering sentences concerning her brother—sometimes chanting an old sea song which I knew he had taught her.

"One evening—the same on which you rescued her from the river—she crept toward me, and for the first time in many months, leaned her head upon my breast. She lifted her large eyes to mine, and entreated me to tell her the whole truth. Any certainty was better than the maze of bitter conjecture in which her life was passed. That last awful scene was enacted in her own imagination in a thousand different ways; the true history of the event would at least give her fancy a release from its weird occupation.

"I do not know what impulse moved me to tell her all, but I suddenly resolved to do so. I related the whole scene as it actually occurred. She listened with tremulous emotion, and then kissing me tenderly, said:

"'Oh, my husband, you but acted in self-defence; why then should this awful phantom destroy my rest, and pursue me as a living presence through every hour of my existence? His blood—his blood—is upon you! and I, *his sister*, am your wife! That is the crime which must be expiated.'

"I gradually soothed her into her usual apathetic quietness, and left her for a few moments to fulfill an engagement which could not be deferred. I had not a suspicion of the act she was then meditating, but when I returned and found she had gone out without the knowledge of the servant, an intuitive certainty of her purpose flashed upon my mind. I hurried to the battery as I knew that was the spot she would be most likely to seek."

Leon paused here as if about to cease writing, but I impetuously said:

"Do not stop there, I entreat. Develop the mystery of that night. It has haunted me as a doubt, a fear that I myself was to blame in not more carefully examining Madame Leon's condition."

The hand seemed to falter and grow tremulous, but it wrote on.

"No—you were not to blame—*I* was the criminal. Under the impulse of maddening excitement, I committed that which—oh, expiation! expiation! will it ever be completed?

"I felt within my own soul *the assurance that* Mary could never recover the tone of her mind. Her aversion to a continued union with myself, must have reached that point which rendered it impossible for her to bear existence as my wife. Sooner than do so, she had attempted self-destruction; to prevent a recurrence of the act, a lunatic asylum was her only refuge. The thought of my beautiful, my adored wife, as the inmate of the home of gibbering and demented creatures, deprived of the crowning grace of humanity, the power of reasoning self-control, was too terrible to me. I looked upon death as far less to be dreaded, ah! rather as a blessed boon to those unfortunates; then why not give her to the grim conqueror whose embraces she had so lately courted?

"Other considerations came to aid these terrible resolves. The failure of the house in which nearly all my funds were deposited, had reduced my resources to the proceeds from the diamonds which had been an heir-loom in my family. The money derived from these could not last long; I must seek employment of some kind which would remove me from her side during many hours of the day. Yes—there remained but two resources. The home of the darkened in mind, *or the grave.*

"While I revolved these fearful thoughts in my mind, I sat in a darkened corner of the room from which I could watch Mary unseen. She doubtless thought I had fallen asleep, for after glancing around, weak and exhausted as she was, she arose, went to the closet in which I kept my chemical apparatus, and brought from it a vial that I instantly recognized as containing the most deadly of all acids. Luda lay asleep upon the carpet, and Mary thought herself secure of accomplishing her purpose without interference. She poured a few drops in a cup, and looked around for water, with which to dilute it, intending, no doubt, to drink the deadly potion.

"I noiselessly approached and drew it from her hand; she sank down with a faint cry, and raised her eyes entreatingly to mine; I gently said:

"'Do not fear me, Mary. Tell me, has it come to that point that you *cannot* remain beside one who loves you as tenderly as I do?'

"As if the words were forced from her lips, she slowly said:

"'It has. Life, as your wife, has become a burden I cannot bear; neither can I live apart from you, so let me die as quickly as possible.'

"A mighty convulsion wrung my heart at this avowal, and I was nerved for the ordeal before me. I gently said:

"'Not by your own hand, then, shall you perish. I will save you from that last, inexpiable crime. *I* will give you the repose you so earnestly seek. Bare your pulse to me, and turn your eyes away. If I look into them, I cannot perform the stern duty before me.'

"'Farewell, Leon; pardon me for all the misery I have brought upon you, even as I forgive you for the great wrong you did me in linking my fate with that of him who had taken the life of my only brother.'

"She put forth her arm—and leaning against the pillows of her couch, calmly drew back the folds of cambric that lay above it. After one long, lingering look in my face, she serenely closed her eyes, and said:

"'Adieu, my husband—lord of my heart—master of my life. My brother tears me from you—but we shall yet be re-united. Love like ours must find a home more propitious than earth has granted it. You will come to me.'

"Oh God! how dared I usurp the province of divinity in severing that soul from its lovely tenement! It was remorse for that crime which destroyed me. You saw me die its victim, yet dreamed not of the awful source of my incurable depression.

"With unfaltering hand, I dropped the deadly acid upon the fluttering artery. A few wild throbs, and all was still. Yes, I gave her to death myself, sooner than have her soil her pure soul with the crime of self-destruction; and what other record shows such self-forgetfulness in devotion to its dearer self? None." * * *

Suddenly a violent blow was dealt upon my head. I fell forward upon the table, upsetting the inkstand, and scattering the papers over the floor.

When I recovered, I found that day had dawned—the skeleton had returned to his niche, and the curtain hung in the same folds in which it had fallen on the previous night. On looking around, I saw that the picture of Madame Leon, which hung at the back of my chair, had fallen down; the edge of the frame had evidently struck my head, and stunned me; and the canvas was split through the centre, entirely marring the beauty of her face.

"And you had slept, Doctor, and dreamed all this fine sequel to your mystery?"

"Slept!" repeated the Doctor, indignantly. "No; I am certain I had not; and in proof of its reality there was a sealed package upon the table, containing this identical manuscript with the revelation I have given you."

"Ah, you only played the part of somnambulist, and wrote out a vivid dream yourself."

The Doctor looked grave.

"If I did I was utterly unconscious of having done so. But whether the skeleton wrote his history or not, I firmly believe that he was made the medium of settling my doubts as to the reality of a future life completely at rest. The proof I had so long yearned after, was mine. But now I must complete the story. I afterwards ascertained that the manuscript had actually been placed upon my table on the previous evening by a friend, into whose hands it had fallen. The house in which Leon died was pulled down, and a package addressed to me was found in a recess in the closet of the room formerly occupied by him. As I sat in that strange state of catalepsy, by some species of clairvoyance, unaccountable to me, the knowledge of its contents must have been conveyed to my mind."

"Where is the skeleton now?" I asked. "I should like to see it."

The Doctor shook his head.

"I could keep it from the repose of the grave no longer. I took down the frame of my former friend, wrapped it in the mutilated picture, and placed them beside the body of Madame Leon in Greenwood. That the name they bore was an assumed one I am now certain, or I should have ascertained something about them through the inquiries I caused to be made."

THE END.

THE TRUE GUIDE.

How absurd and perverse a creature is man. Ever struggling and crying after prosperity and happiness, but almost universally rejecting or neglecting the only guide which never fails, if well followed, to bring him to the desired condition. No young man starts in life without a sincere desire to be happy in his family, successful in his business, and honored by his friends. Were it known that there was a man dwelling at the other end of the earth, or even in the centre of that "open Polar Sea" of which, in these days, we hear so much, a man who could, without fail, impart to beginners in life the secret of obtaining these desired ends, the pilgrimage to Mecca would be but a sparse and small affair compared to the hegira which would take place among both youths and maidens. The man would be in a worse case than He was who was so pressed upon by the people that he had no leisure "so much as to eat."

No pains and no expense would be spared to obtain an interview with that wonderful man.

But when the simple act of sitting down alone to read and meditate over a letter from our Heavenly Father to his earthly children, will put one in the way of learning all that is requisite to procure the good things both of this fleeting life, and of the enduring life that is to come, men will not do it—nor will women, either. At least but few of them. How foolish, as well as how *wrong* it is to refuse to do so.

By the attentive study of the Bible we may learn just how to correct our faults, to escape temptations, to prosper in business, and to be happy at home and at heart.

It is so sad to see men, young and old, seeking to anything for instruction in the way of life, but to the Word of Life which came from God.

If they *would* but study the Scriptures until they were transferred from the paper to their living hearts, they would then be able instantly to detect the devil when he approached them, let him assume whatever fair and witching disguise he might. But they are ignorant, utterly ignorant of the things that it would be their salvation to know, and while the very dangers are about them, against which the Bible scholar is forewarned, they dream on, unconscious, and only become aware of their situation when it is too late to escape.

Godliness is indeed *profitable* for the life which *now* is, as well as for that which is to come, and there is nothing that can cleanse a young man's way like "taking heed thereto according to God's law." We must not expect that the study and the love of the Bible, or that even the acting out of its spirit, will add to the number of the actual talents of a man; it will not, probably, render a prosy man a poet, nor a poet a mathematician, nor a half-witted man a genius, but it will increase whatever of natural good is already in a man, and it will turn defects into virtues.

What a pity, what a *shame* it is, that when we all might do well, and be comparatively happy and respected, so many hundreds and thousands of our race despise their guide, or forget it, and do ill, become miserable, and finally fall and die and *perish*.

Whom, *but his own self*, can any man, reared where Bibles are, blame if he is lost? A. H.

A MONARCH'S REFLECTION.

When Charles V., after a long and turbulent reign, resigned the crown of Spain and other dominions to his son Philip, reserving to himself merely a small pension, he retired to St. Just, near Placentia, where he amused himself with mechanics. One day he placed a number of watches before him upon a table, which he had vainly endeavored to make agree exactly in their time. Having looked at them for some minutes, he said: "How foolish was I to endeavor to make religious sects all agree in one doctrine. I might as well expect this as suppose that these watches would all move with the same regularity."

Results of Despotism.—In Russia there is no law. There are codes, but they are a solemn mockery. Right is that which is conformable to the will of the master; wrong is that which is contrary to this same will. There is no political life, no religious life, no literary life; the nation is dead in all that makes the spirit of nations. Society in the upper ranks presents a surface of polished sensualism, which dazzles the foreign spectator; while its inner life is more than Mogul barbarism; degradation is the common lot of all below; terror reigns with awful mystery over every class.

A punctual man can always find leisure, a negligent one never.

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A RENDEZVOUS OF "LIONS."

New York is in luck this summer. Illustrious strangers gravitate hitherward from all quarters of the globe. In ordinary seasons, the tawny nabobs of Niphon, and that most magnificent of orientals the Great Eastern, would have been accounted a handsome crop of foreign celebrities. But this is not an ordinary season. Our harvest of rare exotics will be unexampled. Besides the Prince of Wales and his brilliant suit, we are to have, it is said, Prince Napoleon and his Sardinian bride, and certainly Ex-Prince de Joinville, his son, and the Compte de Paris (son of the late Duke of Orleans), who would now be king of the French, if the "Republic" and the "Empire" had not prevented him from coming into his property. As Shakspeare says, "there is much virtue in your '*if*.'" The present Prince Imperial may one day be sent on his travels should his papa neglect to keep his weather eye open to the bearings of that little verb transitive.

First on our prospective visiting list stands the name of Albert-Edward of England, to the prestige of whose rank and title, Scandal has added a new element of notoriety by her stories of his alleged flirtations. Whether these stories are true or false it is difficult to say, but the prevailing impression seems to be that the idea of his passage across the Atlantic, grew out of certain love passages at home, not altogether pleasing to his excellent mother.

Every body knows who Prince Napoleon is—the son of the weakest and worst brother of Napoleon I., Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia. If the laws of Heaven are of any force, Prince Napoleon is illegitimate. His father, after having legally married Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, espoused, during that lady's life time, the daughter of the king of Wurtemburg, and thereby committed bigamy. Prince Napoleon being the offspring of the second marriage, is, therefore, according to our plain Republican notions, of illegitimate origin. However, he cannot help that, and we have no disposition to throw his sire's sins in his face. *His own character, if report does* not belie him, is sufficiently exceptionable. He is said to be of a violent and overbearing temper, and a confirmed sot, and it is well known that he has uniformly given the *legitimate* descendants of his father—the Patterson-Bonapartes—the cold shoulder. Under all these circumstances, it will not create much disappointment in this country, should the rumor of his intended visit prove a *canard*.

The three ex-princes of the Orleans family complete the list of individuals of the "blood royal" announced to appear in New York this season, but two other gentlemen equally celebrated, viz. Messrs. Heenan and Sayers, are confidently expected. Of the "undistinguished throng," pouring in upon us from Europe, at the rate of six or seven thousand per month, it is unnecessary to speak. The politicians will take care of them.

THE NATIONAL GALA.

The American Eagle is clearing his throat preparatory to the screams of triumph in which he annually indulges on the ever-glorious Fourth. Sheaves of sky rockets and Roman candles—the thunderbolts he launches on that explosive anniversary—are ready for his talons, and the first hissings and poppings of the pyrotechnic storm on which he will soon be riding with exulting wings, are everywhere audible. Some cold-blooded people object to fireworks on Independence Day. They would have us celebrate the Fourth in a quiet, Quaker-like manner. The **Ledger** cannot agree with these negative patriots. Freedom came to us enveloped in an atmosphere of fire and smoke; with fire and smoke let us commemorate her advent.

> "Let the loud kettle to the trumpet speak,
> The trumpet to the cannonier without,
> The cannonier to Heaven!"

Young America takes this view of the subject, and already feels the Fourth of July in his youthful bones. If denied his usual thunder, he would combust spontaneously. Let Old America counsel and caution the young gentleman—inhibiting him from carrying powder loose in his pockets, firing overloaded guns and pistols, and indulging in those erratic projectiles known as "chasers" and "double-headers"—but let him detonate Chinese crackers and torpedoes the live-long day, and illuminate the air at night with Roman candles and starry rockets. In the country let him play his game of fire-balls on the common or in the open fields, out of reach of the barns and stacks, and all over the Union, from ocean to ocean, encourage him to be jubilant on the day on which God put it into the hearts of his forefathers to sign the charter of his native land!

A THOUGHT FOR PARENTS.

The Chinese retire, once a year, to the graves of their parents to meditate upon their virtues. It were well if parents would retire, occasionally, and reflect upon their children, upon childhood, *upon their own childhood*. How often, upon observing the follies of the young, we are arrested in the midst of an energetic reproof by the recollection, that, a few years ago, we were guilty of precisely the fault that we condemn. This should not lead us to withhold reproof, but it should certainly take from it all that is not loving and tender.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The King of Naples, in a manifesto stating the principles on which he intends carrying on the government, declares against innovations, and says, "the best form of government for a country is that to which it has been accustomed." Perhaps so—on the same principle that skinning alive is good for eels, because *they are used to it*.

JAPAN-WARE.—THE DELF AND PORCELAIN.

The rank and file of the Japanese Embassy have taken a leaf out of our Book of Courtesy. They raise their hats to the ladies. The princes, it seems, have souls above such acts of politeness. They look Christian beauty solemnly in the face, and decline to tip their beavers. Aristocracy is the same everywhere—always faithful to its pride and its prejudices—always slow to learn the graces that win "golden opinions." The haughty reserve of the "Kamis" has cut them off from a good deal of enjoyment. Their subordinates, who are hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, and give themselves no airs, have, on the contrary, had a jolly time. "Tommy," the "funny dog" of the legation, and a democrat of the first water, is immensely popular. It is said that he has no desire to re-visit Jeddo, and much prefers the belles of the Anglo-American race to the orange-colored nymphs of the Celestial Empire.

The plebeians of the embassy have a decided advantage over their patrician bosses. The former can go where they please, and associate with whom they please, without any fear of losing caste, or of being invited to disembowel themselves on their return to Japan. Evisceration, fortunately for them, is an honor expressly reserved in that country for the privileged order. The Tom-Dick-and-Harry class of Japan is very much looked down upon by the nobility, but it is not so badly off, after all. Upon the whole, it must be better to be poor, lowly, and *safe*, than to be noble, rich, and in perpetual peril of suicide. Possibly the servants of the ambassadors regard the matter in this light, and hence are so much merrier than their masters. If we had to choose our lot in life, as a Japanese, we would rather be a Nobody than a Somebody.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

An exclipse of the sun is a luxury of the season which is very rare, and when it does come should be handsomely acknowledged. There is to be one on the 18th of July. It will begin at 7-10 in the morning; the greatest obscuration will be at 8-10, and will end at 9-10. Sluggards will miss it if they do not break through their rule and rise early. This eclipse comes every nineteen years. It will next appear July 29, 1879, and August 9th, 1898.

The sublime grasp of astronomical calculation, which can wind the soul round the most distant stars, weigh the planets, predict their relative places, obscurations, eclipses, to a minute, through the mighty and mysterious years, more than all else teaches the dignity of human nature and the majesty of the intellect. We can well understand how, when all the busy and striving world reposes in heavy sleep, the astronomer, perched in his lofty observatory, with grand eternities and infinitudes mapped before him, reading the argent stars on the azure empyrean—his spirit let loose on the wings of adoring love and lore, shooting through all space and time, standing face to face with the immortal and the immeasurable—must view all things else as small and trivial, "of the earth earthy"—whether debates, or battles for empire, or the political revolutions and re-constructions which make up man's history. What a magnificent privilege to be so interpenetrated with the science of the light of the heavenly glories! How they are poised in space—how they make their godlike processions through the illimitably vast—how their undying lustres symbolize the radiance of the immortal soul, and the ineffable Creator!

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The despots of Europe are said to have become thoroughly disgusted with human nature and human beings. They consider "the people" as utterly and hopelessly unreasonable. All they ask of them is to "keep still;" but keep still the people will not. They are as restless as poplar leaves, and as revolutionary as the fly wheel of a steam engine. Besides, they have become possessed of the idea that the world was made for them, as well as for Romonoffs, Hapsburgs, Brandenburghs and Bourbons. And what is still more to the purpose, the people have at last got competent leaders. It is an old proverb that, "an army of oxen with a lion to lead them, is better than an army of lions with an ox to lead them." The lion Garibaldi is now leading on the multitudinous drove of hot-hearted patriots to battle, to triumph, and to liberty. His name is inspiration and victory to his followers and terror and defeat to his foes. The proudest despots of Europe now tremble at the name of the late candle-maker of Staten Island. Garibaldi is an eminent example of "the right man in the right place." His heroic actions, and unselfish exertions, and unrepining endurance of severest hardships, have kindled a spirit among the down-trodden millions, which, there is room to hope, will survive its creator, and burn with increasing brilliancy and fervor until the last bond and scourge of despotism shall be consumed; for, a genuine flame of liberty, glowing in the national heart, cannot be quenched by the appliances of tyranny. Like Milton's angels, it,

> ——"*Vital in every part*,
> Can only by *annihilating* die."

SHOW AND SUBSTANCE.

We suppose it is useless to tell those who have little money to spend, and have worked day and night to get that little, to think twice before they make an outlay of their hard earnings. But we can't refrain from saying what a pity! when we see the children of parents in very moderate circumstances, tricked out in flimsy finery, when good, substantial clothing might have been procured for half the money, in which they would have looked much prettier and much more respectable. We often say, what a pity! when we see a working-girl flaunting a showy, dress bonnet that ill assorts with her gown or shawl. We often say, what a pity! when we see the clerk dressed more extravagantly than his employer, or putting into the hire of a dashing carriage all the earnings of a week, or sporting the equipage on the promise of doing so without any expectation of performing that promise.

The rainy day of disaster that is sure to follow all this sunshine of folly, they *will not* see, though disgrace, and sickness, and a hospital-bed, and a nameless grave loom up in the future for many of them. "We can be young but once" is capable of more than one interpretation, as they seem to forget. None but the fool looks to reap the harvest in sowing time; and none but the fool expects when harvest time comes to reap *wheat* where only *tares* have been sown.

A Brilliant Story.—We shall begin the publication of a new and powerfully-written story, by **Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.**, in our next number. It is, without exception, the best tale he has ever written. He has been employed on it for several months. Our readers, we know, will be delighted with it.

A Sharp Reply.—A member of Congress complained the other day he had been misrepresented by the public press. "Oh," said one of his opponents, "you can't complain of *that*—if they had *represented you correctly* you might have been scandalized."

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Seven.

Milan—Painting of Last Supper by Lionardo da Vinci—St. Charles Borromeo—The Observatory—Monti—The Iron Crown of Charlemagne.

Although Milan may be said to be at the threshold of Italy, it is full of the charm of Italian climate, history, and art. Since the steamers have begun to ply along the shores of the Mediterranean, and especially since the construction of the railroad from Paris to Marseilles, the throng of travellers pass by those routes, through Genoa and Leghorn, directly into Central and Southern Italy; but in losing Lombardy they make a great sacrifice of much which is well worthy the attention of the intelligent tourist. The beauty of the natural scenery,—Lago Maggiore and the lake of Como, that landscape which has been so exquisitely sketched by Manzoni, in the *Promessi Sposi*; the antiquarian and historical associations of Milan, which go back to the period, when the infant Roman power was struggling for the upper hand with the other primitive Italian states; the ruins of every age from that of the Insubrian Gauls to the Cisalpine Republic in these latter days (for even that already has its ruins), the very name of Lombardy, which calls up the image of the longbearded Barbarians, *Longobardi*, who intrenched themselves on the borders of the empire of the West; the monuments of mediæval culture; the creations of reviving art in the fifteenth century, which, under the lead of the great Lionardo da Vinci sprang to their perfection as promptly in Milan, as in the South of Italy; and then the overflowing wealth of galleries, museums, libraries, Cathedrals, palaces,—the accumulation of prosperous vice-royalties for three hundred years,—these all combine to bestow on Milan attractions scarcely second to those of Rome and Florence.

One of the first objects which attracts the attention of most travellers, arriving at Milan, is that famous "**Last Supper**" of Lionardo da Vinci, which is familiar throughout christendom from the engraving of Morghen, and on which the admiration of three hundred and fifty years has been concentrated. It is impossible to pronounce this great name without reverence. Mr. Hallam justly states that "the right of Lionardo to stand *as the first name* of the fifteenth century is beyond all doubt." Endowed with all the gifts of personal appearance, skilled in athletic exercises, in arms, and in elegant accomplishments; a bold and successful engineer civil and military, executing the most magnificent works, among others an aqueduct of two hundred miles in extent, while the mechanical arts were yet in their infancy; a painter worthy to be named with Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian; a poet and miscellaneous writer inferior to none of his cotemporaries, in the golden age of Italian literature; he is perhaps still more wonderful for the originality and grasp of intellect, of which his works contain only the undeveloped though sure indications, than for what he actually achieved in any department of art. The judicious and discriminating writer just quoted says of him, that "the discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler . . . . and other names illustrious; the system of Copernicus; the very theories of recent geologists are anticipated by da Vinci, within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language nor on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us *with something like the awe of præternatural knowledge*." Mr. Hallam even gives to Lionardo the credit of having, and that in an age of scholastic dogmatism, "first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that Experiment and Observation must be the guides to just theory in the investigation of nature."

Of all the works of this universally gifted genius, the Painting of the Last Supper is the most famous, and is in fact the only one which, in the minds of the mass of mankind at the present day, is associated with the name of Lionardo. The fate of this wonderful work is as astonishing as its merit. It was painted by Lionardo, commencing in 1493, (others say 1497,) on the wall of the refectory of the Dominican Convent of *St. Mary of the Graces*. It is commonly said that instead of being painted in fresco, it was executed by Lionardo in oil colors, which did not incorporate themselves with the plastering of the wall, but soon began to peel off. I am slow to believe that Lionardo, whose mechanical skill was not inferior to his genius and artistic inspiration, should have committed so gross an error as to place his colors on a surface not fit to receive them. The Convent is situated on so low a level, that the flooring is sometimes under water. This happened even before the painting was finished, and it suffered in consequence by dampness. The kitchen of the Convent adjoined the refectory, and added its smoke and steams to those of the dinner table of the monks. In fifty years it was said to be half spoiled; at the end of a century and a half it was said by a writer who then examined it, "that it was scarcely possible to discern the subject," evidently a gross exaggeration. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the monks being desirous of enlarging the door directly under the painting, *cut away the feet of the Saviour* and of the disciples near him, and by jarring the wall in this atrocious operation, loosened and brought down some neighboring portions of the work. In the early part of the last century, it was condemned to the ruinous process of restoration by an inferior artist,—the process to which so many masterpieces of art have fallen victims. He is said to have repainted the entire surface of the work. This scandalous operation was repeated in 1770; but at that time it raised such an outcry, that it was left unfinished, and a quarter part of the heads escaped.

When Milan was occupied by the victorious French army, all the public buildings which could be spared for that purpose, were given up as barracks for the troops. It is said that Napoleon was taken to the Convent on his entrance into the city, and, out of reverence for this matchless work, tore a leaf from his memorandum book and wrote an order on his knee, that no troops should be quartered in the Convent. If such an order was given, it failed to take effect, and the Refectory of the Last Supper was given up to be a stable for cavalry, and afterwards used for storing hay and grain. Forsyth adds to these horrors, that it had been once white-washed by the monks, and that while Milan was in the occupation of the Russians in 1799, it was used as a target by the soldiers. This is much more likely to be true of the godless revolutionary troops of France than of the Russians, who are proverbially devout. The next year the drains were obstructed, the pavement of the refectory was again flooded, and it was not till some time later that effectual measures were taken by the vice-regal government to prevent the recurrence of these disasters.

In the meantime, and before these last frightful occurrences, this master-piece of the genius of Lionardo was, as far as this was possible, preserved to posterity by the intervention of a sister art. Raphael Morghen, one of the most distinguished—perhaps I should say the most eminent—of the engravers of the last century, having in his earlier works, and especially in his engraving of the Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, shown himself competent to the highest efforts of the *burin*, was recommended by the artists of Florence to the Grand Duke, to execute an engraving of the Last Supper. In undertaking the work, he not only made use of as good a drawing as could then be obtained of the original, but studied with diligence the copies of the painting of which many had been made, and some of them by good artists, almost from the time of Lionardo himself. The result is the celebrated engraving, which is widely distributed not merely throughout Europe and America, but wherever, on the face of the earth, civilization and christianity have penetrated. It is said that skilful means have been adopted of late years to attach the peeling surface of the painting to the wall, and so prevent its further decay.

As I saw it in 1818, there was no appearance of the shots said to have been sacrilegiously fired at the head of the Master, nor could I undertake, in a very imperfect light, to judge of the extent, to which the original touches of Lionardo had been covered up by the pencil of subsequent daubers. Silvio Pellico, who was our courteous guide on the first visit, obtained for me permission to repeat the visit, at hours when it was not open to the public, and I made my daily pilgrimage to the Dominican Convent, while we staid at Milan; earnestly striving, with the aid of the master artist, to rise to his sublime conception of the ineffable countenance. The uniform tradition is, that Lionardo, despairing of doing justice to the face of the Saviour, left that portion of his work unfinished. This is not only extremely improbable in itself, quite inconsistent with Lionardo's self-reliant character, (in a letter to the Duke of Milan, after asserting his skill in eight or ten branches of practical and æsthetic art, he adds, "likewise in painting I can do what can be done by any man, be he who he may,") but it is not in harmony with the present or any well-described former condition of the work. The head of the central figure is not at all inferior to the best parts of the composition.

We may get a lively conception of the value of money or the cheapness of talent in Lionardo's time from the fact that, after he had in "the Last Supper" established his reputation as one of the very first artists of the day, he was employed by the government of Florence in conjunction with Michael Angelo, (then rising into fame,) to paint the Council Chamber in the Palazzo Vecchio in fresco, on a salary of fifteen ducats *per month*, pretty good coachman's wages, at the present day, in the Fifth Avenue.

One of the objects of interest visited by all travellers at Milan, is the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo in the Cathedral. It was rebuilt the year before our visit, the interior restored in good taste, and its decorations,—principally bas reliefs in solid silver, representing the incidents in the Saint's life,—cleansed and repaired after two centuries of neglect. The chapel is a subterranean apartment directly under the high altar, and though lighted by a skylight from the church above, cannot be seen to advantage without the aid of tapers. The chief object of interest is the embalmed body of the Saint, enclosed in a shrine purporting to be made of rock crystal, but generally suspected to be of plate glass. Few individuals are better entitled than Saint Charles Borromeo to the honor of a place in the calendar. He distributed the income of his princely estates in works of charity, exposed himself to the contagion of the plague of 1576, in order to keep up the courage of his fellow-citizens under that terrible visitation, and encountered the still greater danger of compelling the monks of the *Umiliati* to correct the abuses of their order. One of them, in a spirit of fanatical revenge, forced his way to the chapel, where St. Charles was at his devotions, and fired a pistol at him without effect, as he was reciting the words, *non turbetur cor vestrûm neque formidet*; "let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." He was canonized in 1610. The enormous expenses, necessarily incurred on occasion of that ceremonial, are said to have extorted from the Head of the family the witty, though somewhat mournful, exclamation, *Siete buoni o figli, ma non siete santi*; "be good my children, but pray don't be saints."

The great establishment for the arts and sciences, usually called by its abbreviated name of *Brera*, (which is said to be the old Longobardic word for *field*,) was frequently visited by us. The Hand-book gives a good idea of the extent and importance of its galleries, museums, and collections in science and art. There was no portion of the institution, which I viewed with greater interest, than the observatory. Nowhere does the mind of man seem brought into such actual contact with the Universe above and around us, as when it penetrates the depths of the heavens. The observatory at Milan was arranged by the celebrated Father Boscovich, a distinguished man of science of the last century, and is pronounced by Lalande "one of the most convenient, substantial, and conveniently disposed, with which he was acquainted." The observatory of Milan is on the old school plan of instruments fixed on a lofty tower; but it has been one of the most active and best conducted in Europe. I had the advantage of visiting it, under the guidance of its director, Professor Carlini, a gentleman distinguished for his attainments in more than one department of science. I experienced some patriotic embarrassment when asked by him how many observatories we had in the United States. This question might now be cheerfully answered by the American traveller; but, at that time, there was not a public observatory on this continent. When the observatory of the Brera was founded in 1762, it excited great alarm on the part of the superiors of the convents in Milan, who feared that the telescopes would be pointed by the astronomers at the nuns, as they took their customary walks in the gardens and galleries of the religious houses. Under Professor Carlini, the observatory had been supplied with the best instruments from England and Germany, especially with a Transit and Equatorial by Reichenbach, "the first of his make," according to that celebrated manufacturer, "which had *spoken*." Some curious manuscripts of Father Boscovich are preserved at the Observatory. He had been designated to go to California in 1769, to observe the Transit of Venus; but owing to the suppression of the Order of Jesuits, to which he belonged, the appointment was revoked.

I frequently saw Monti during our stay at Milan, one of the most eminent poets and men of letters of Italy in the last generation. He is one of the six Italian writers described by Lord Broughton, in his Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harolde. His countenance greatly resembled that of the late Hon. Samuel Dexter of Boston. He complained bitterly of the superficial nature of modern education. "Our young men," said he, "instead of studying the Ancients, read Madame de Stael and Lord Byron." He considered Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare as the three greatest geniuses; he was ignorant, however, according to Lord Broughton, both of Greek and English. Understanding that I knew Ugo Foscolo, he said he was a man of great genius, but *un po' matto*—"a little cracked." This was not an unfair retaliation on Foscolo, who, in the Latin Satire which I mentioned in my account of Foscolo (Mount Vernon Papers No. 22), does not spare Monti, under the name of *Ghoes* or "charlatan." Of how little consequence are the bitter feuds and virulent lampoons, which poison the minds of the living toward each other, after the lapse of a few years has buried both parties in oblivion! Who knows or cares, at the present day, that the two greatest Italian poets forty years ago called each other "cheat" and "crazy"?

We gave a day to Monza, a city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, distant a few miles from Milan, the ancient residence of the Longobardic sovereigns, and filled with traditions of the most celebrated of them, the Queen Theodolinda. Monza, under the French and Austrian rule, was the country-seat of the Vice-Roys. Many objects of curiosity and relics of mediæval antiquity are preserved there; none of great celebrity but the "Iron Crown." This famous emblem of royalty is believed to be at least a thousand years old, and to have been used at the coronation of Charlemagne. The Italian antiquaries suppose it to be coeval with Queen Theodolinda in the sixth century. It consists of a broad circlet of gold richly wrought in antique work, set with gems of considerable value, and containing within a band of iron, purporting to be made of one of the nails of the True Cross. It is kept with other reputed relics in the angle formed by the two arms of a crucifix, within which it is covered by plates of crystal. In order to obtain permission to see this ancient relic, an order must be procured from the Governor of Milan, addressed to the archpriest of Monza. It is exhibited by a priest; and tapers are lighted, and incense burned before it, as an object of reverence. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, the last of the ancient line of Sovereigns who wore this famous diadem, was crowned in 1530. From that time it lay undisturbed in the Treasury at Monza, till brought forth in 1805 at the coronation of Napoleon as King of Italy. Alison's graphic, though somewhat wordy description of the ceremonial is worth repeating; the recollection of the gorgeous scene was still fresh in Milan in 1818:

> "After reposing a thousand years in the Treasury of Monza, the iron crown of Charlemagne was brought forth, to encircle the brows of Napoleon. On the 26th of May 1805, the ceremony of the coronation was conducted, with the utmost magnificence, in the cathedral at Milan. The dresses, the decorations, the ornaments were even more sumptuous on this occasion, than on the preceding one, splendid as it was, at Paris. First came forth from a side entrance the Empress Josephine, dressed in gorgeous habiliments, dazzling with the lustre of diamonds. She was received with loud acclamations. But the lofty aisles shook with thunders of applause, when, a few minutes after the Emperor appeared, arrayed in his imperial robes, bearing on his head the imperial diadem, and in his hands the crown of Charlemagne and the sceptre of justice. The Cardinal Caprara officiated instead of the Pope on the occasion; Napoleon placed the iron crown on his own head, pronouncing at the same time the historical words, *Dio me la diede: guai a chi la tocca*—'God gave it to me: wo to him that touches it.' He afterwards, as at Paris, himself crowned Josephine, who knelt before the high altar at his feet."*

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* This is taken substantially, with some inaccuracies of translation, from Botta Storia d'Italia VII, 193.

FALSE MODESTY.

False modesty always judges by the outside; it cares *how* you speak, more than *what*. That which would outrage in plain words, may be implied furtively, in the sallies of wit or fancy, and be admissible. Every day we see this giggling modesty, which blushes at *language* more than at its *meaning*; which smiles upon base things, if they will appear in the *garb* of virtue! It is under the influence of this disease of taste and heart, that we hear expressed such strange judgments upon English authors. Those who speak plainly what they mean, when they speak at all, are called rude and vulgar; while those upon whose exquisite sentences the dew of indelicacy rests like so many brilliant pearls of the morning upon flowers, are called our moral authors! The most dangerous writers in the English language are those whose artful insinuations and mischievous polish reflect upon the mind the image of impurity, without presenting the impurity itself. Impurity, secreted under beauty, is like a treacherous friend who strolls with us in a garden of sweets, and destroys us by the odor of poisonous flowers proffered to our senses.

WORMY TREES.

Is there no way to prevent those little, leaping, inch-worm, squirmy horrors from infesting our trees, at a time when they look most inviting, and a seat beneath their shade is most desirable? Distressed ladies gaze into the shady parks from the hot sidewalk, but shuddering to approach, pursuing their scorching way where "worms" are not. Some, to be sure, spread umbrellas and plunge boldly forward where timidity fears to tread, but we have observed even these, give their sun-umbrellas an ominous shake, after running the wormy gauntlet, and occasionly stop a passing traveller with the sepulchral whisper—"Do you see any on my back?" "They last but a short time," says some easy person; so does hanging, but one is just as dead as if the operation were longer.

THE WAY OF DISHONESTY.

"*There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.*" This is dishonesty described to the life. At first you look down upon a smooth and verdant path covered with flowers, perfumed with odors, and overhung with fruits and grateful shade. Its long perspective is illusive; for it ends quickly in a precipice, over which you pitch into irretrievable ruin.

The Early Riser.—The rose of health blooms upon the early riser's cheek; his eye sparkles with the fire and glow of youth; his step is as elastic as though his legs were set with wire spiral-springs, and his body composed of India rubber. He is strong, too, and tougher than whitleather. He can outwalk and outlive any human being that never leaves his bed-chamber until nine o'clock, wherever you bring him from—whether from the hardy Greenland, or from the soft, sunny clime of the equator.

There is something ennobling and majestic in death, even in the wretched criminal who has paid the last debt to human justice. As the trace of life recedes, the ravages of vice and passion disappear from the pale, marble countenance, and the corpse reminds the awe-struck gazer of some temple from whose shrine the obscene idol has been removed—solemn and beautiful—a lesson and a moral.

The Editorial "We."—The editors of some newspapers are particularly entitled to use the plural *we*, instead of the singular, since they are as various in their opinions as two persons can possibly be.

Distinct and Distant.—The *Cincinnati Commercial*, of a recent date, says, "the New York papers are *void of interest*." This is very different from some of the Cincinnati papers which are wholly *void of principle*.

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.

People would rather pardon the defects you have than the affectation of virtues you have not.

IMOGEN'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Then go, if thou wilt, from
A heart that is thine;
All the love that I give,
In thy madness resign;
All the love that I gave, from thy memory spurn,
And the eyes that were mine, on some other one turn.

II.

He has gone! What is left?
Shall *my* memory cast
From her love-lighted bough
All the flowers of the Past?
No! No! round it cling with your fragrance the more,
As his boat fades forever away from the shore.

III.

I have loved: 'tis enough!
Did *he* love? Ah, I pray
That his heart never bloomed
Like my own to her ray!
Then what woe shall his spirit escape should he turn
To the spot where the torches of memory burn!

THE CRUSADE OF THE FOREST;

OR,

THE LAST DAYS OF KATHARINE MONTOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF THE OLD FRONTIER.'

CHAPTER XL.

THE ARMY'S RETREAT.

In order the better to appreciate the position in which the chief characters of this story were now placed, it is desirable that we should refer to a few of the public events which had lately taken place.

The forces of General Sullivan had moved forward from Katharinestown, in various divisions, and by various routes, through the Indian country. They completely swept the region which lay between and around the smaller lakes. From thence they pursued their destructive way westward towards Little Beard's Town, on the Genesee, then one of the chief villages of the Senecas. They left behind them the smoke of burning towns.

Since Boyd and his party of rangers had made their escape from the buildings on the borders of Seneca Lake—which they did in boats, and at night, as described in some former chapters—they had been actively employed in their perilous duty as scouts. Some inkling of their ultimate fate has been given in the conversation between Murphy and his companion.

Boyd's command, composed of about forty picked men, had in truth been completely surprised by four or five hundred Indians led against him by Brant. Boyd boldly and gallantly endeavored to cut his way through the circle of dusky enemies who hovered about him; but of the whole number only two escaped, Murphy and Elerson; and only two were made prisoners, Boyd and a man named Parker. All the rest were literally hacked to pieces in the affray. Among others was a noble Oneida, named Han Yerry, who had acted as a guide for the American army, and who was remembered for his brave exploits at the battle of Oriskany some years before.

The prisoners were placed in the hands of the ferocious Little Beard, who caused Parker to be beheaded, but reserved Boyd himself for the most refined cruelties. He was stripped naked and tied to a tree, where, for a long while, the savages tried their skill in throwing their tomahawks at his head, and seeing how near they could come to him without hitting him. After a frantic and demoniac dance about their victim, they then pulled out his nails, cut off his nose, and dug out one of his eyes. His tongue was then also cut out. At last his head was stricken from his body, and the terrible martyrdom was over.

At length, the tide had reached its hight, and the invading army was slowly receding to the east, after its work of devastation was thought to be complete. Then did the fiery warriors hang, like blood-hounds, upon their rear.

This retrogade movement had just begun at the time when Falconer and his fair charge fortunately fell in with the two scouts. Of course, he was somewhat appalled when he learned all the terrible things which had happened during his captivity, and found that Edith was to be exposed to a danger worse now than ever before. The army, in which she would have been safe enough, was ahead of them, and they were in the midst of the pursuing Indians.

That morning, after the necessary explanations had been given and received, Murphy and his associate hastened to provide for the wants of the new-comers, who were both very much in need of food. The latter was soon furnished in abundance; for the men had killed a deer at an early hour, and the delicate and nourishing viand was now set before their new guests. The cookery was, of course, of the simplest, but even Edith was not disposed to be dainty.

Fortunately, her health was of the best, and her constitution strong. She did not seem to have suffered from her exposure in the flood the day before; and her simple dress, composed chiefly of wool, though soiled and stained, was not uncomfortable.

Indeed, she made no complaint, for well she knew that in that terrible war more than one delicate woman had been compelled to travel on foot, for hundreds of miles through the woods, with companions who, instead of being solicitous for her comfort, were her captors, and made her carry burdens. Besides, she did not wish, by any desponding looks, to add to the cares of the men to whose protection Providence had committed her; and she showed as cheerful and happy a face as could be desired.

As soon as the hasty but abundant meal was dispatched, a consultation was held by the men upon the course they were to follow in effecting their escape. If the scouts had been alone they would hardly have spent a word on the subject. They felt themselves entirely able to take care of themselves almost anywhere, and through almost any extent of hostile country.

But now the case was very different, and the task was likely to be an exceedingly delicate one, of taking the young girl back to the protection of the army. As for Falconer, he had displayed so much address in his late escape that he felt a strong confidence in himself, and even Murphy began to think that he would not be an incumbrance, as he was very much in the habit of considering all soldiers when not acting in large masses. In the present case, the young man was laboring under the disadvantage of being unarmed, except with a hatchet and knife. But the two scouts had three barrels between them, and the presence of Falconer near the person of Edith might be desirable, if not necessary, in the terrible gauntlet they had to run.

All these considerations were hastily passed in review by the three experienced men; but, for once, owing to the unusual perplexities which beset them on every side, they had a hesitation in coming to a conclusion.

"Upon me sowl," said Murphy, as he sat down on a prostrate tree, "it bates my calculations intirely, and even Davie there can't see his way out, wid all the aid of his iducation, and his theology to boot. Not that I'd undervalue the merits of a prayin' mind, the saints be good to us! But, ye see, the situation is beautiful for two men like the reverend Misther Elerson and the respectable Misther Murphy; but wid the beautiful darlint, who has did us the honor to be of our company, it's, maybe, a little confusin'."

"Why, Timothy," said Elerson, whose tall, gaunt figure was erect, his hands leaning on the barrel of his rifle, while his jaws were busy on a huge quid of tobacco—a sure sign of deep thought with him; "why, Timothy," he repeated, as he spit out some of the superfluous juice, "under favor, it seems to me we might better larn how many of these pagans are between us and the army, afore we detarmine what to do."

"And how the divil are ye goin' to do that same?" was the responsive question.

"Go and see," said Davie, with a laconic nod.

"That will not do," interrupted Falconer; "the people who saw us on the water last night know that we must be somewhere near, and will be sure to follow us up the creek to find our trail. The empty canoe has, no doubt, been caught before this time, and we may expect to hear from them at any moment."

"Not so fast, if ye plaze, Captain," said Murphy; "didn't ye mind that we had a big fire agoin' this mornin'?"

"I did," answered Falconer, "and wondered a little that men of your experience should expose yourselves in that way. 'Twas rash to kindle a fire at all in this situation."

"And rasher to go on a day's scout wid an impty belly," replied Murphy; "but the rights of the case was this: we wanted them to think a big camp was still outlyin' behind, so as to kape them back off the ignorant troops."

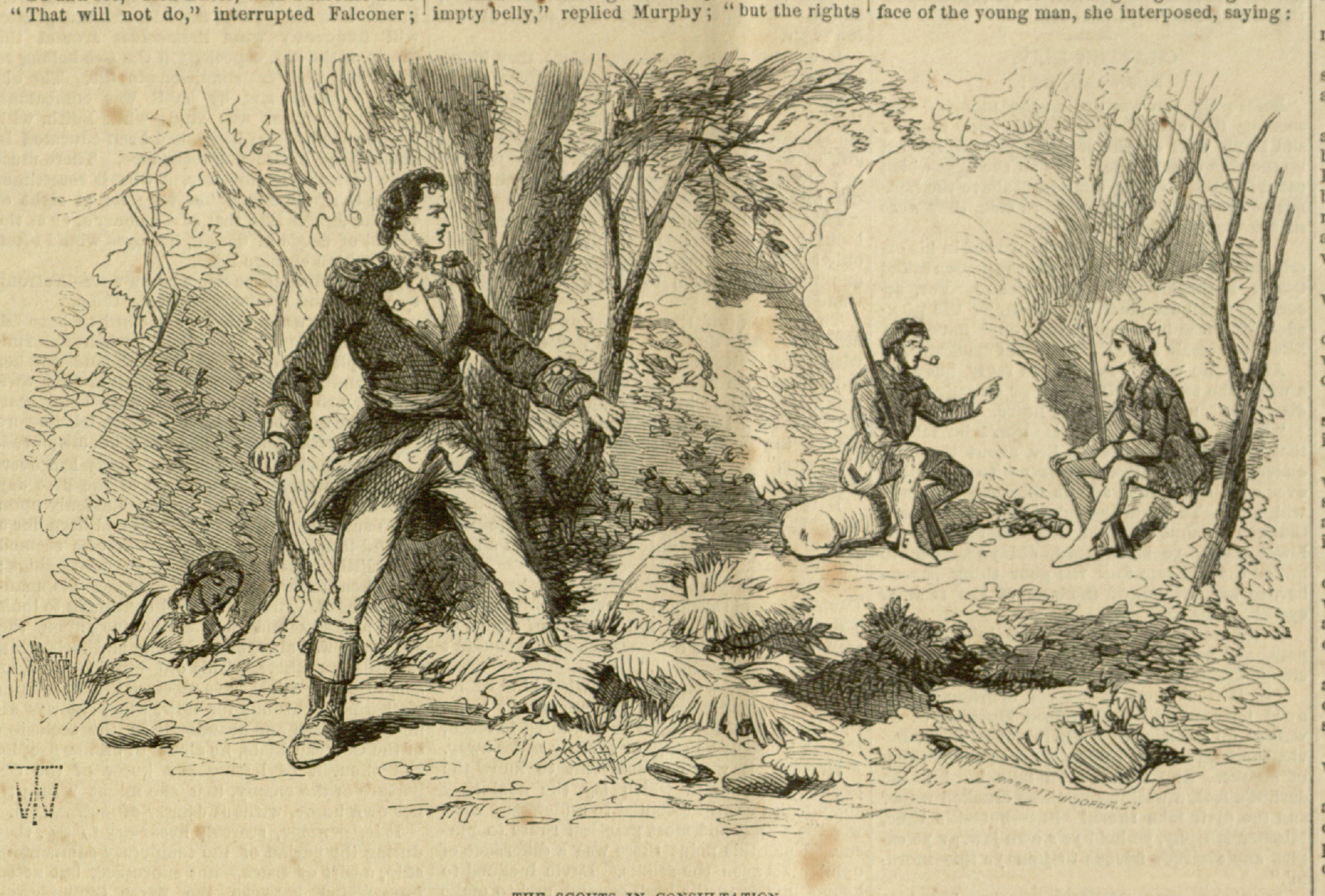
"'Twas rather too bold an expedient, I should think," said Falconer, while care again gathered on his brow.

"Too bowld, be half," acquiesced Tim, "seein' what company we now have, but not a bit too much braggin' for such as uz."

CHAPTER XLI.

HOPE FOR TWO.

Edith had necessarily heard most that was said, and as she saw the cloud again gathering on the face of the young man, she interposed, saying:



THE SCOUTS IN CONSULTATION.

"Do not, I pray you, take too much thought for me. You, that are men, can surely make your escape; while I, if I fall into the hands of these people, may only be taken back to the good queen."

"Edith!" exclaimed Falconer, "surely, surely you would not think of that, when you know that Elk-horn may still be there!"

"I thought of him, certainly," she answered; "but I also remember that the old chief Hiokatoo, if he knows of my distress, will surely protect me. He has ever been kind—if not for my own sake, at least, I suppose, for the sake of his white wife."

"His white wife?" said Falconer.

"Oh, murdher!" exclaimed the astonished Tim; "and has that blackguard, ye call Highercato, got a white woman in his dirty hut?"

"Hush! Tim," said Falconer; "you must often have heard of the white woman of the Senecas; and, as it now appears, she is the wife of this chief."

"At least, so they always told me," answered Edith, modestly; "and they said he was a kind husband to her, and that she was content with the lot which Infinite Wisdom had assigned her. She loves her children, and abides by the fortunes of her husband's people. So thou seest, Stuart, they are not all as cruel as thou hast thought."

"True, Edith," answered the young man, with a shake of his head; "and I, too, have experienced kindness from this terrible chief—for terrible he is—none more cruel or remorseless than he under ordinary circumstances. In your case and mine there were special reasons why he acted differently, and, if he were here now, I would not fear to entrust you to his care, if you wished to leave us. But that is now impossible."

None except Murphy, perhaps, had noticed that, for some time past, Davie had disappeared from the group.

The fact, however, was now observed by Falconer, who questioned Murphy with a glance, to which the other gave a responsive nod.

The discussion between Falconer and Murphy continued for some time longer; when, as mysteriously as he had departed, the solemn face of David Elerson again appeared among them. He had evidently travelled rapidly, for he was still panting with his exertions.

"Wait till I open thim dispatches," exclaimed Murphy, as he caught sight of his companion. "Well, Davie, is there a foine turnpike road all the way into camp?"

Davie looked puzzled, and took off his cap as if to cool his head, before he answered:

"Timothy, by my count there are more than a thousand Senecas between us and the nearest troop. They have found out the backward movement as quick as ourselves, and have taken our smoke as only a trick."

"A thousand!" exclaimed Falconer; "and have you been so near as to see and estimate them?"

Davie shook his head.

"Ye see, Captain Falconer," interposed Murphy, to explain, "Davie and myself doesn't count by seein' at all, at all; but we reckon by the trail, the wood sign, and by the rule of ten."

"So that Davie has, in fact, seen no Indians at all; is that the idea?" asked Falconer, with an incredulous smile.

"Divil a one; nor has any of thim seen him, I'll go bail."

Falconer at first thought this very much like trifling; but, on more mature consideration, he remembered that there was always a set and serious purpose in Murphy's words, whatever there might be in his manner. He glanced aside at Davie, but the latter acted as if Murphy's explanations had disposed of the whole case, and nothing more was to be said.

"However," said Falconer, in a humorous tone, "what the deuse do you mean by calculating the numbers of the Indians by the 'rule of ten?'"

"I mane," answered Tim, "that if ye find the foot-mark of one, ye may be sure ten has passed that way, and that's what I call logic. I'm sure you know yerself ye have yer rule of three, and there's arithmetic to prove it; and why shouldn't ye thin have yer rule of ten? If ye can make three out of one, why not more?"

There was in Murphy's tone something always half joking and half serious, difficult to comprehend. Falconer no longer tried to do so.

"And what do you think we had better try to do now, Tim?" asked the young man, in a tone of great seriousness.

"Now, Captain dear, God bless you, don't be afther thinkin' I'm neglectful of what is before us. Yerself is enough, to say nothing of the darlint there ye have wid ye. But I'm tryin' to make out the case. Where was it ye left that boat, did ye say?"

"I kicked it from the shore, and it floated out into the river and went down stream, as I thought."

"Sure o' that?"

"No; but surely, Tim, you are not thinking of changing your course because of anything Davie has reported from his imperfect observations?"

"Arn't I, though," answered Murphy.

"Why should you?" still persisted Falconer.

"Because the likes of Davie for observations was never known," gravely replied Murphy; "and I'd as soon deny my eye-sight as strive against his conclusions."

"So that——"

"So that we can't go that way, unless ye are minded to lave the scalp of the patient angel ye've brought wid ye, and perhaps yer own, to ornament the lodge of some copper-colored haythen!"

A long pause now ensued.

In the meanwhile, if Falconer's suspicions were correct, their position was, every moment, growing more and more critical. With the return of daylight, it was to be presumed that those who had been disappointed the night before would renew their search.

"Captain Falconer," said Murphy, over whose face, for a wonder, a shade of sadness seemed to be collecting, "do ye think, now, ye could find a hiding place, in the bushes along the river, for an hour or so?" As for goin' ahead, ye might as well think of a fish flyin' wid his fins. I tell yez the woods is sodded over wid the copper-skins! Didn't ye mind the looks of Davie, there? 'Twas as plain as the prayer-book!"

Falconer gave one entreating glance at Edith, as much as to ask her if she could undergo any further privations. She went up to him, and extended her hand as if to lay it upon his arm, but did not do so, while she said:

"Stuart, I trust to thee to look for thine own safety; and if the fate of a poor girl may be included in it, without too much trouble, and without more hazard or the shedding of human blood, I will not refuse the boon. But, above all, do thou act the best for thine own especial duty, and think nought of me."

"Edith," said the young man, hastily, taking her hand and leading her aside, while he whispered, eagerly and hastily, "never talk to me so again! Your safety is my happiness! Forgive me for speaking to you so now, but I would rather die where I am than think you unsafe! I love—I am afraid—I love you better than my own life!"

This was a singular avowal, wrung from the young man in their utmost extremity.

The face of the young girl, usually so placid. first blushed, and then turned as pale as snow, It was not with pain, however, for presently the rosy hue returned to it again, deeper than ever, while tears stood in her eyes:

"I do not know how wicked it may be, Stuart, but I, also, would die for thee!"

So saying, she turned her head away, and the young man could hear a few suppressed sobs. Again he took her hand, and this time she did not seek to withhold it. He pressed it earnestly, while he said, in tones of most thrilling sincerity and truth:

"Edith, as God is my witness, I love you above all earthly things! You are to me my life, my soul! Do not separate me from yourself in your thoughts. Give me one pressure of the hand, my darling, and I will act for us both with the assurance that a dearer fortune awaits us if we escape, and a common death if we do not!"

The dear girl looked up—her eyes were all swimming in tears—tears of joy and hope, such as she had never yet felt before; and the slightest pressure of the hand told the young captain that his pleading and aspirations were not in vain.

CHAPTER XLII.

DIFFICULT EMBARKATION.

All these things had occupied but little time in the acting, however much space they have taken up in the describing. The hour was still early.

"Davie, ye divil," said Tim, catching up his usually rollicking tone, "this is a job intirely for Misther Murphy—as it always must be when there's a lady in the case. Now, thin, Davie, do ye try to hide thim in some place impossible to find, where I can go afther thim when I come back, and thin do ye join me in sarch of some wather vehicle. Captain, dear, if ye iver loved anything—and it's mighty likely ye have that wakeness—but, if ye iver did, do ye just try and kape your two selves out of sight till I come back. Do ye think, now, the boat that ferried ye down stream went clane off?"

"I saw it go out of the creek into the river, and suppose, of course, it is far enough now."

"And where was yer idays thim times! Oh, murdher! but how d'ye expect to get through the world wid such thoughtlessness? However, Davie, that shows what I said must be done, d'ye mind?"

Davie nodded gravely in reply, while Tim, giving up all further talking, took his gun in his hand and walked away.

It was singular that up to this time not a sign of any approaching savage had been discovered.

When, afterwards, Falconer had more carefully examined the position, he recognized the consummate skill with which the place had been selected. On one side of it was the low ground bordering the river, on two other sides was a tamarack swamp, and only to the eastward, along the narrow ridge, was it approachable without difficulty. It was not likely that the eager and vengeful warriors would turn back on their course to scour over a narrow neck of land, on which, after all, there was but little hope of finding anything. They would do much better to follow the broad trail of the retiring forces, to harass their outposts, and pick off their stragglers.

While Falconer was still in wonder as to the course Murphy might follow, the latter went off into the low ground towards the water, and was soon out of sight.

"Where do you propose to go, Davie?" said Falconer, turning his glance towards the other scout.

"If the young woman is not too tender for the task," began Davie, slowly, "I think I can lead her to a spot where there will be no immediate hazard."

"Lead on then, Elerson, in heaven's name, and let us have no more delay!" replied Falconer.

In fact, Davie at once began to descend the hill, down which the two young people followed him. In less than two minutes the place they had occupied so recently was deserted. When they reached the tamarack marsh, Falconer saw an old log stretched across the first pool of water, and the guide was about to step on it, when some faint sound seemed to strike his ear, and he paused, with his foot still lifted, like a pointer when he catches sight of game. Immediately after he turned about, and after eagerly beckoning his two followers to pass over the log, he stole his way back into the bushes.

Anxious about the issue, Falconer now hurried on with as much speed as possible, following a sort of path through the morass, and coming out, at length, upon the very border of the river, at a spot some distance above where the little creek flowed into it. A small knoll of sand there nourished a clump of close branched pines, and underneath these he at once installed Edith.

The sound of a gun just then startled them, but they could make no further efforts in their own behalf, and so remained motionless and silent.

Not long after, the dull beat of footsteps on the boggy ground over which they had recently passed, became audible; and looking in that direction, they saw the form of Elerson stalking coolly along the path.

"What bears he in his other hand, Stuart, canst thou see?" asked the watchful girl.

"I should say it was a gun," replied Falconer, whose professional experience enabled him to judge more correctly of this particular object.

"Davie how came you by that?" asked Falconer, as the imperturbable scout came closer.

"That, Captain Falconer, I take it," the other remarked deliberately, while he continued to examine the new gun, "was never manufactured in this country. I have seen a great many weapons of destruction in my sinful career, and I think I know a British regulation musket when I see it, if I know my own countenance as I look into the water."

"But whose is it?" asked Falconer.

"Timothy might give you a more learned answer," said Davie; "but as near as I can make out the laws of nations, it is my own."

Falconer was partly amused and partly vexed, at the evasive coolness of this man.

"But, I mean, how did you come by it?" he repeated.

"Why, you see," was the still deliberate reply; "we were watched while over there. I thought as much all the while, and when we came away I was sure of it. It isn't often they come so close to us, without having a good many at their heels. No doubt they will be here in scores in a few minutes."

While he said this, the incomprehensible scout, again set a-going his tobacco quid, with all the apparent tranquility of a bashaw taking his morning smoke.

Falconer was more mercurial in temperament. He sprang up and glanced back on the path with the minute look of a bird of prey, but nothing rewarded the effort. He approached the scout, and took hold of the gun the latter had captured.

"It is indeed a British musket," said the young man; "and loaded," he added as he opened the pan of the lock. "You may as well let me take it now."

Davie made no reply but gazed along the margin of the water.

Just then the jealous eyes of Falconer caught sight of something moving behind the bushes, and he started forward to examine.

Sure enough a large canoe was gliding along, and in a moment more, it shot before the clear bank, and Murphy was seen standing up in it! Besides, it was the identical boat which had brought Falconer and Edith down the river. Tim made an impatient gesture for them to enter, and as soon as possible, they were all inside the little vessel.

"Lay down!" exclaimed the Irishman, "down wid yez!"

A wild yell succeeded this request, and immediately after, the ring of a dozen rifles was heard while bullets came crashing into the strong sides of the boat.

"Davie, ye divil," said Tim, "d'ye hit that short fellah that's creepin' ahead of us; now for it."

The explosion of their pieces followed, and while the smoke was still over them, Murphy started the boat with one tremenduous shove, and sent it shooting across the stream. While it floated thus all the pieces were reloaded.

"The vagabones," muttered Tim, "to think of their impudence! Davie, they can't know who's here this minute! We must give thim another touch of our quality, or they'll grow concated, the pagans!"

Again were the deadly pieces brought to bear; and, with a sickening heart, Edith heard the crack of those rifles which always accompanied some new human agony or death.

After this there was a rustling sound in the woods, and Davie said:

"Timothy, I think that will be enough; I have an objection to shedding blood without a sufficient reason. And I believe they have now departed. Let us address ourselves to our task, diligently."

By this time the boat had floated over near to the opposite bank; and as the ground near the water, except on the ridge already spoken of, was still soft or partially flooded by the recent storm, there was no immediate danger of the Indians approaching them within rifle shot again, particularly after the lesson they had just received. Falconer now observed in the bottom of the boat, three or four long poles, by which it might be pushed along. The river, at this time, presented a very different appearance from what it had done the day before. Then it was full with the rains; now it was again settled to its regular bed; and the long previous drouth threatened soon to absorb all its surplus water.

Davie, meantime, had seized one of the poles, and risen upright in the bow.

A shot from the place they had left followed this act; but the scout held his hand to his ear as if listening for the sound of the coming ball; then shook his head and said:

"'Twas not far off; but we can't wait for that; Captain Faulkner, by your leave," and as he finished, he nodded his head towards another of the poles, as much as to say that the young man should take it up. In an instant he did so; and now stood in the stern of the boat as Davie did in the bow.

Edith partially rose, as if in expostulation against the rash act; but at once comprehended that her interference only increased the danger. She again lay back, while her eyes rested upon the face of Falconer, with the apprehension almost of despair. As he looked down he caught the expression, and he said:

"Do not be alarmed, Edith; we are already beyond their range; and none of them dare show their heads, while Murphy's rifle is pointed over the side. Tim, is any of them in sight?"

"Not the shadow of e'er a nagur's nose!" replied the scout, in a tone of disgust. "Do ye think now, Captain dear, I wouldn't have given it notice to quit, if it had been visible?"

Meanwhile, both Elerson and Falconer had shoved the boat over the shallow water, with great rapidity, up the stream. The current was scarcely perceptible; and so it was known to be for many miles above.

Owing to the character of the ground on the eastern shore, it was thought that the savages could not again get near enough to fire at them, for a mile or so; and in going over that space, it was hoped they might shove the craft along so rapidly, as to get entirely beyond pursuit. The Indians would have to go back to the hills, and thread their way through underbrush and pathless woods, out of sight of their prey, and the chance of evasion was deemed quite reasonable. The river was not deep; three or four feet of still, clear water could be seen over a sandy and uniform bottom; and as soon as Murphy could also safely drop his gun and take to the pole, the little vessel shot over the water with a speed quite equal to that of a horse on a moderate trot.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ELK-HORN'S SALUTATION.

About an hour after sundown, of the same day, Edith, now leaning on the arm of Falconer, stood before the dwelling of Queen Katharine, on Gardeau Flatts. It had not been carried away, after all. Within it, all now seemed still.

"It is strangely silent," said Edith, in a sort of awed whisper. "They must have retired unusually early, that all the children are so quiet."

Falconer dropped her arm and crept up to the side of the building; he listened for a long time, and then going to the door, tried the fastenings. It opened without difficulty, and he stepped inside. After a moment's search, he became conscious that the outer room, at any rate, was unoccupied. He passed into the further one, and, after a little groping he ascertained that it, also was tenantless.

He returned at once to where Edith had remained, and drew her within the shelter of the dwelling. Again, going to the door, he blew upon a rude whistle made of a willow branch, a long, shrill note. In a second more he heard a response of the same character.

In the pale obscurity which shrouded the valley, objects looked weird and unreal. Falconer wondered that Queen Katharine had not returned to the abode after the freshet had passed off. Some extraordinary event must have influenced her conduct. It was possible that, inasmuch as among these wild, wandering people, information of current events was transmitted, when no apparent means of communication existed, she had already heard of the withdrawal of the American forces; and was already on her way back to the spot which, for so many years, had been her home.

While Falconer was thus awaiting the approach of his companions, a number of misty forms appeared in the distance, warily approaching. Supposing them, of course, to belong to the men he expected to see, he did not pay any close attention to them, till they were close upon him. Then, indeed, a sort of mutual recognition took place; for, in the leader of the new-comers, the young man recognized the form of Elk-horn!—while the latter manifested his knowledge of the identity of the person before him, by uttering a yell of exultation! An immediate rush was made; but Falconer had aleady secured the shelter of the building, and had the main door in its place, closed and barred. He bethought himself, at once, of what other means of entrance the Indians might have; and now recalled with great self-satisfaction, the fact that there was not another opening large enough to admit the form of a man.

Immediate thumps began upon the door, soon followed by a general rush, but this was unsuccessful.

Falconer felt no concern on the part of the scouts, for he was as sure as man could well be, that the cry given by the savages would fully put them on their guard, if it did not at once let them into the secret of the whole operation. While the young man was still panting from his sudden exertion in securing his temporary place of refuge, and wondering how long he could make it good, Edith came up to his side in the darkness, saying:

"What is it Stuart, I pray thee? What sudden danger besets us now?"

"Do not talk too loud, dear Edith," he answered (and it was strange how imperceptibly he had glided into the habit of addressing her by some affectionate word). "It is Elk-horn returned with a party of his own. I question if he knows that Queen Katharine has gone. It looks as though he had been away to gather a marauding gang, and had just got back to execute the purpose he was frustrated in before. You see, dear girl, what protection the poor old Queen could have afforded you!"

But the situation was too critical to justify him in spending much time in talking. He sought an opening from which he could reconnoitre the proceedings of his immediate assailants.

It appeared to him that ten or a dozen of the Indians—young, apparently, and reckless—were dancing about in the mist. Some settled purpose seemed to animate them, for there was no hesitation or uncertainty in their movements. They seemed gathered around a single spot; and while the most earnest attention of the beleagured young man was turned upon them, he discovered that they had got hold of, and were slowly lifting along, a heavy log. It took all their strength to move it. It was plain that at the proper time, they meant to use it to batter in the door. Luckily they were unskilled in such work, and their progress with it was slow. Evidently the desperate rascals were bent upon some immediate harm. They could not be old or experienced warriors, for they were almost as clamorous as girls. Another circumstance induced Falconer to think they knew nothing about the effect of the late flood, and the absence of Edith and himself; and that was that they exposed themselves so recklessly, to be fired upon by any armed person who might be in the building.

So then, the vicious and evil-minded Elkhorn was willing to attack the dwelling of the venerated Queen, if he did not, indeed, expose to danger and death, her and her household.

While the young man was considering this, Edith again touched his arm, saying:

"I know not what it means, but that strange scout thou callest Murphy, seems either in the room, or in some unaccountable vicinity to it."

"Where?" said Falconer, eagerly.

"Near the other side of the dwelling; take my hand, and I will guide thee to the spot."

Falconer took her hand, and in a moment afterwards he was in a position where, in truth, the voice of Tim became audible.

"Howld ye'r tongue, Davie," it said, in a whisper, "till I find out what it all manes. To think that we three should be circumvinted in this way, is the most beautiful joke! Be my sowl! if such a thing should happen! Whisht, now, Davie!"

The injunction upon his comrade for silence did not seem to be called for, for no one had spoken but himself. Falconer got as near as he could, when he rapped on the logs.

"Is it yerself?" asked Murphy.

"Yes," replied the young man, in a cautious tone.

"I thought so; divil a doubt of that. But who are ye, afther all?"

"Falconer," said the young man, after a slight pause of suppressed merriment at Tim's blunders.

"Sure and I know that," was the quick reply, "but who's the amiable gintlemen that's rampagin' on the other side of ye'r fortification?"

"The same that wanted to carry off Edith; and he now seems willing to knock the house of Queen Katharine about her ears to get at his victim."

The young man said these words with unconscious bitterness.

"Oh! he does, does he? Now thin, Davie, ye noisy divil, did ye iver hear the likes o' that?"

"There is just nine of them," replied the practical Davie. "I've counted them all. It seems almost a pity to attack so small a number."

The last remark was uttered in a tone of commiseration, which might have seemed ludicrous.

"Ye may well say that, Misther Elerson; but ye know yerself, in the ordherings of war, we're often compelled to do mane things. I've often trod on a snake when I've been runnin' without maneing it, and could only apologize to him when I found he was kilt."

"They will soon be trying to break the door in," slowly replied Elerson, while he sat up and drew from his pocket a dark object, nearly an inch thick, and half a foot long. Off the end of this he soon twisted a huge bite, and then returned the original to its proper place of deposit.

Not to be outdone in coolness, Murphy took from his pocket the identical stump of a pipe which, on a former occasion, had become the prize of the poor Cayuga, and cramming it with bits of the Nicotian weed, he placed it between his teeth, saying:

"For the sake of peace and good will betune us, Davie, as ye seem to have taken the command, for this onst, give the word as soon as ye can, for I'm dying to light me pipe, and I can't do it till the scrimmage is over."

By this time the savages had succeeded in getting the log, at which they had been tugging, up to the door. Here, after a good deal of talking, they at last gathered round it, and all taking hold, they lifted it from the ground and swung it against the door. It broke in the lower part of it, but fell to the ground. It had now to be hauled back, and again lifted. This time the young Indians knew that it would have to be raised higher than before, if they expected to break the door through at its fastenings.

Unable to tell what had become of the scouts, Falconer now stood near it, expecting, at the next crash, to receive an onset from the desperate young savages. He determinad no longer to wait, but to commence the attack for himself. He sought out a small opening, where he got a view of the assailants; and as soon as he could get his gun in range, he fired at them.

It was just as the timber came for a second time crashing through the door. A startled yell followed; the door was now wide open, but no one entered; on the contrary, a scampering of feet was heard, followed by the ring of several rifle shots.

After that, as Falconer looked out, nobody was visible, but a familiar voice was muttering at the door:

"Arrah, thin, and the captain has waited just the right time. He made the nagurs open the door for us anyhow."

When the scouts approached the entrance, they found Falconer standing on the outside, with Edith clinging to his arm.

CHAPTER XLIV.

EASTWARD, HO!

Before the sun was up, on the morning succeeding the events last related, both Murphy and Davie were on the crooked path which led up the side of the valley. As all the light which came from the rising sun—just above the horizon—shone only on the western side, they were still immersed in deep shadow.

"Timothy," said Davie, as he paused in his exertions, "where do you suppose the person called Queen Katharine could have gone? For, according to all accounts, she is among the wickedest of these heathens, and would have been likely to remain near the scenes of slaughter."

At first no voice was heard in reply, but after a while the tones of Murphy, now querulous and dissatisfied, might have been heard.

"Blood of the apostles! Don't be talkin' that way; they say 'tis all lies about the ould queen; but how d'ye expect us to meandher over a walk like this, and an illigant young lady wid us? The murdherin' thieves must have thought to shut us up in this coal-pit here below. Davie, ye blackguard, did ye happen to notice the delicate foot the poor thing has on her, to say nothing of the blue of the tendher eye?"

Davie was busy repairing the injured footpath, and paid but little heed to what the excitable Irishman said.

"Is it stocks and stones yez mention in the owld testament?" soliloquized Murphy, as he walked up the slope. "There's that Turk, Davie, the biggest stone of thim all, to say nothing of stocks. And couldn't he take heed to the darlint's feet, a walking up these crucked ways? and the divil take them! But—but—it's time, Misther Murphy, ye held ye'r own jaw, av ye expict any discreet friends to join ye this mornin'."

At this moment a low murmur was heard at the foot of the hill. Murphy immediately began his descent, while with a gesture he intended to give an injunction for Davie to pursue his examinations above.

When he reached the bottom of the path, a number of dark shaggy objects met his sight; while a stamping on the ground proclaimed the presence of some sort of domestic animals.

"I've caught three of them, Tim," said Falconer, as the latter approached; the rest seemed too shy."

"And, be the jabers, ye've done more than sufficient," said Murphy; "unless ye expect to ride two of them yerself."

"How so?" replied Falconer. "There are four of us in all."

"Now, Captain dear, when ye see Misther Murphy mounted upon any other quadruped but himself, do ye just have it published in the next general ordhers. How the divil would ye expect me to crape through the bushes to ambush an Indian, wid four hoofs a hammerin' the sod underneath me?"

"Well, but then how are you to keep up with us? For if we are to overtake the army, we have got to move at a very rapid pace."

"Och, then! perhaps ye never saw me on me thravels? Be asy, now, on thim heads."

Falconer had found some old leathern thongs at the house, by which he secured the tough, half-wild Indian ponies which had attracted Murphy's attention. It was something of a puzzle to know how the animals were to be guided. But the task was not so difficult as it appeared, for they were used to being ridden with a mere halter for a guide rein; and Falconer thought if he could succeed in managing the one he rode himself, he could lead that upon which Edith was to be seated.

No attempt was made to mount them where they were; but after Edith had been taken up the cliff, Murphy and Falconer returned, and slowly, and with some difficulty, managed to get two of the ponies up the steep and narrow way. In the gorge above they found Edith anxiously awaiting them, while the silent but attentive Davie stood near her.

Falconer felt sure that they had no time to spare in getting off, for among the Indians who had been killed or disabled in the attack of the night before, he regretted to discover that Elk-horn was not one. That vindictive savage would undoubtedly hurry off and return with hordes of men as fierce and vengeful as himself; and as it was next to hopeless trying to hide their trail, the white men all thought their greatest chance of evasion consisted in the rapidity of their movements.

Falconer had been as attentive to the comforts of Edith as was possible under the circumstances. He had not scrupled to bring from the dwelling a couple of blankets, which he tied to the back of the animal which she was to ride. It was understood that the scouts were to continue on foot; and, in truth, it was impossible to make either of them think of trusting himself to the back of a horse.

In the haste of the preparations Edith had said very little, thinking that any needless talk might only embarrass her companions in their preparations.

The morning by this time was growing brighter and clearer, and even in the bottom of the lateral gorge, where they now stood, there was light enough to see obscurely along the path they were to follow. This at first led up the bed of the little stream. It was not now dry, as it had been when Edith had first seen it, but there was not water enough in it seriously to impede their progress.

"How are we off for food, Tim?" asked Falconer, with some anxiety, just before they started.

"Davie, there, I'll make oath," replied Tim, "brought away some of the mate we roasted last night. Davie always had a savin' turn with him, and if he lived in the settlements, upon me sowl, I think he'd turn miser. How is it, Misther Elerson? Did ye happen to look to what the ginerals call the commissariat?"

"What do you mean, Timothy?" replied the other. "Talk plain, if you can; for it's a serious and solemn work we have before us, and there's no time to lose."

"Serious, is it? I believe you. Now thin, since ye can't undherstand the illigant language I sometimes address to ye—and more reason, since it belongs intirely to the upper classes, like meself—but, since ye're ignorant on thim points, I'll condescind to your own livel, and ax, whether ye have any cooked mate about ye?"

"Surely, Timothy——"

"Timotheus, av ye plaze. Spake like a gintleman for onst in your life. But what was ye just goin' to say, for ye keep interruptin' me so, that divil a word can I get in, anyhow."

"I was saying," replied the dumbfounded Davie, "that you surely could not suppose me so unmindful as to proceed, without providing for the young lady what might be needful."

"There!" said Murphy, with a sort of triumphant wink at Falconor: "didn't I tell ye so? The miser! But, if he kapes his tongue a waggin' this way, he'll detain us all day, the persuadin' blackguard!"

All now started, Murphy leading the way, up the shadowy and thickly wooded dell. They could see that the day had fairly broke over the world above; but the whip-poor-will was still singing his note among the bushes of the valley, and the dampness of night still filled all the lower air.

It was not long, however, before they began to ascend the side of the ravine. Here everything became distinct; and in a minute more the whole party were on the upland. Day was abroad, and as they looked back over the sunken gulf of Gardeau Flatts, they could see the yellow rays of the morning sun shining against the opposite precipice.

It was no time now, however, to linger there looking at the scene; and the scouts gave it only a single glance, more to ascertain if any one was in sight than to take in its picturesque wonders.

They moved off, through the open forest, in a direction nearly due east, until they had got well within the shelter of the trees, where they could not so easily be seen by any straggler from the valley, and there a halt was called.

"Now thin, Davie, it's time ye set yer compass, if the journey is to be made by the lights o' science," said Murphy, as he paused. "Where, now, do ye fix the head of the Seneca Lake?"

Davie had very little hesitation, for, after looking at the trees a moment, and taking the bearings of the sun, he pointed in a direction a little south of east.

"Thrue for you," answered Murphy; "and Davie's sinses is always the best of insthruments. They'd guide you in the darkest of nights as well as a surveyor's compass, when you couldn't see what way it pointed."

Falconer was wondering by what kind of instinct these men were enabled apparently to fix the direction of the object they wanted to reach, though it might be sixty or seventy miles away.

However, it was not sufficient to know the precise direction in which lay the goal they sought: it was still essential to understand what was the easiest and most practical route to pursue. Upon this point there was a difference of opinion between the scouts. Davie inclined to keep as much to the high ground, and to make as direct a course, as possible; while Murphy thought it would be better to follow the Indian trails, and to adhere to the water courses and valleys.

Falconer soon put an end to the discussion by deciding upon the latter. He was led to this out of consideration for Edith, whose comfort would be much greater where the way was comparatively free of brush and brambles.

They now, at once, moved down a gentle slope to the right, and were not long before they struck a sort of path.

"What's this?" exclaimed Murphy, eagerly, as something struck his sight upon the ground. He at once leaned close down, and examined some marks there.

"Bones of the saints!" he muttered, "but they must have gone off yesterday—and even late in the afternoon; Davie, do ye just read that." The last part of his remark was made as he rose, while he pointed to the foot-marks, with much the air of a man who was appealing to a plain document to substantiate his opinion.

Davie soon seemed to satisfy himself, and merely rubbed his head, as he finished his examination.

"What is it all?" asked Falconer, a little impatiently; "who has passed?"

"The owld woman yez call a queen, and a part of the family she kept."

"How do you know that? Surely you cannot tell, at any rate, who were with her."

"There's for ye! Davie, d'ye hear that? Now, Captain dear, who else could it be? And don't ye see that the poor baste that trod here had a load on its back, and this and this also? And there wasn't animals enough to carry more than five or six."

"Well, and will this make any change in our plans?" asked Falconer; "for we must move in some direction."

"Not the laste touch in life," answered Tim; "and may be it would be good company to fall in wid, eh, Davie?"

"Surely, it would be desirable as a means of confusing our trail," was the reply.

In a moment more they were all in motion; and had no difficulty in proceeding rapidly, for the path was plainly marked and tolerably smooth. They had now fairly begun their long and wearying march, and supposed that, up to this moment, they had not attracted the attention of any lurking enemy. In this the two vigilant scouts were for once mistaken; for ever since they had risen from the glen the watchful and malign eye of Elk-horn had noted all their proceedings, and now carefully marked the path which they took.

CHAPTER XLV.

TROUBLE AMONG FRIENDS.

On the evening of the second day after, the wearied sojourners were on the top of a wooded hill, which commanded a view of the southerly portion of Seneca Lake. All who were present bore marks of exposure and rapid marching. The party was no longer composed of the four who had started from Gardeau Flats; but there were now in it a dozen or more, and chief among them was observable Queen Katharine herself. Most of the other new-comers were Indian children.

But, by far the most remarkable circumstance connected with the mixed group, was the presence of Hiokatoo, the Seneca chief. Let us notice, in brief, each one of the original four, namely, Edith, Falconer, Murphy, and Davie, to see what effect that forced march has had upon them. The face of Edith had been turned to a deep brown by the heat of the autumn sun; but there was a certain hollowness beneath her eyes, and a general pallor about her features, which sufficiently showed how much she had suffered. Her eye, however, was, if anything, brighter than ever. Her dress showed many marks of the hard usage of the forest; and her hands—before so soft and white, were now tanned like her face, and were, here and there, torn with the thorns, which, many and many a time, she had been obliged to push aside as she rode along. One of the horses, hardy as they were, had entirely given out, and had been left behind. It was the one she had ridden herself, and she had then taken that of Falconer. The young man did not seem to suffer much from the great exertion they had all been compelled to make. Being well over his wound, his general health seemed to improve with the emergency; and there was a certain nervous energy in his movements and quickness in his eye, not at all to be despised in the wild warfare of the forest.

Murphy and Davie were a little thinned down, perhaps, as a blooded horse would be after long training; but otherwise looked more dangerous than ever. Davie had got a bullet-wound through a muscle of his left hip, which interferred a little with the rapidity of his movements, but in nowise crippled him; but Tim was more lithe and active than usual. Both were in the rear, and at some rods distance from the main group. They were evidently on some look-out, for they peered about incessantly, changing their position from time to time to get a better view.

The old queen seemed melancholy and thoughtful. Her position had indeed become peculiar. Her joy at finding the lost Edith (and lost she certainly supposed she was) still alive and safe, had been great indeed. The young lady had been entrusted to her tender care and good faith, and, if she had been lost, there would be no answering the accusing charges of her confiding old father. This was not all: it is well known how the young, the fair, and the gentle, will frequently wind themselves around the hearts of the old, especially if the two belong to essentially different conditions in life. The old lady, by race and by habit was combatant, though her heart was kind; while Edith, with greater kindness of heart, had been educated in maxims of entire non-resistance. There must have been a little, however, of what is sometimes called the "old Adam" in her; for at sight of warlike figures like that of Falconer's, or at the recital of deeds of daring, her eyes would often glow with a strange light.

But—such as these two women were—a strong sympathy had grown up between them.

And now, when evil days seemed to have fallen upon the poor old woman; when the simple people, whom she had always defended in her mind, and with whose earthly fortunes her own had been so closely identified, were being scattered like dust before a gale; Edith felt that no care or forethought for her could be misplaced.

It would seem that Falconer's party had overtaken the other on the evening of the first day after its start. They had come suddenly upon it, so suddenly that the old chief had been, for a second time, made captive. At first he seemed very little inclined for amicable proceedings; but when he saw Edith and Falconer his manner changed. Though he still continued to look with a stony and unfriendly eye upon the scouts, he was always considerate and forbearing towards the others. This old warrior must, at some time or other, have received kindness from Katharine Montour; for now, when she was almost forgotten and abandoned in the seclusion of the Gardeau Flats, he alone, of all her people, had thought of letting her know of the departure of the enemy, that she might return to her own home, without danger of molestation.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say, that during the period of the temporary companionship, a sort of truce,—not expressed, but acted on—existed between the fierce Genundewah warrior, and the equally fierce border men.

To the surprise of both sides, they had been pursued, and frequently set upon, by a new enemy, whose character and objects Hiokatoo was at first unable to fathom. A swarm of Indians had gathered on the rear of the retreating party on the afternoon of the day in question. Shots had been interchanged; and if Praying Davie had been a little hurt, it is not unreasonable to suppose that several of the assailants had been hurt still more.

Thus it was that a party, composed of hostile and almost irreconcilable ingredients, was still kept in harmony and unity of action, by an unexpected outside danger.

Hiokatoo was at first sorely puzzled; the men who led the assault, beyond all doubt, were people of his own nation. He showed himself to them; but that made no difference in their conduct. They fired at him, when they got a chance, just as they did at the others; and as for Queen Katharine, she appeared a special object of their malignity. All these things excited the amazement of the veteran warrior; but they also aroused his indignation. Let no mistake arise in regard to him; he was essentially a bold, determined and unusually cruel man. His many forays into the settlements, both before and after this period, abundantly prove that. Moreover, he was far from being decrepid or worn out; when past sixty, there was scarcely a man of his tribe who could compete with him either in the race or in feats of strength.

The hostility, therefore, between him and Murphy, was constant and abiding; though now, for a little while, in a state of abeyance or suspension.

But to return from explanation to event.

Falconer could see, as he glanced over the waters of the lake, which was a little more than a mile distant, that a considerable flotilla of boats was making its way southward towards its head. It was some lagging division of the main army; and the protection of a body of soldiers, like this, was what the young man was most anxious to give his fair companion. For this reason, as his eye surveyed the dense mass of tangled wood, which intervened between him and the water; and watched the guarded movements of the scouts, his forehead was corrugated with anxiety, and his heart became oppressed with alarm.

The enemy, so long dreaded, had now come up with them in earnest; and the brunt of the danger was yet to be faced.

All at once, as he was surveying this menacing scene, a wild yell burst from the woods around. Murphy and Davie had previously clung close to the cover of the trees. Davie did so still; but Murphy was seen scudding, like a swallow, before the wind, to the spot where Falconer stood.

"For God's sake, captain," said the Irishman, in tones of deep impressiveness, while his face was as rigid and sardonic as if it had never been lighted up by a smile. "For God's sake, take the darlint and the others into the woods below. The knaves hasn't yet dared to go there. 'Tis that thief Elk-horn, and a wild crew of young blackguards, is bint on getting back the beautiful, young christian woman we carry wid us. The saints be good to us! That they should try such a thing in me own presence! But let the owld woman show herself at the right time, and maybe it will stop the murdherous spalpeens."

While this was said, the face of the scout had been turned back towards the danger, and he had bit off the ends of two cartridges, in his fierce anxiety to return.

As soon as Falconer had nodded assent to the arrangement and started to execute it, Murphy was flying to his original position with a speed which frustrated every aim and defied all shot.

It seems the wary savages, notwithstanding Murphy's withdrawal, had been fully aware that the cold, gray eye of Davie Elerson was still upon them; for they kept at a respectful distance. None was willing to risk the nearly certain death which would follow any imprudent attack.

However, some of the young Indians, inexperienced as they were, grew impatient that three white men should prevent them from seizing their prey, and made a simultaneous rush. The foremost, a powerful and formidable looking fellow, came on, swinging his tomahawk directly towards where Edith was now being hurried away by the alarmed captain. This brought the foolish savage directly within range of the rifles of the scouts. Davie looked at Murphy, who nodded his head in approval, and then the fatal weapon dropped to its position and exploded.

The Indian lay stone dead; the ball had bored a clean hole through his brain, and his features were as still as if he had died without pain.

Those who followed the hapless adventurer, now scattered to the right and left, like a flight of birds, one of whose number had been injured. Unfortunately for them, the ring of another rifle was now heard, and one more of their number, just before he had secured the shelter of a tree, was stretched helpless upon the ground. There was now a brief pause, during which Elerson reloaded his gun.

When the two scouts now looked about them, hardly any one was to be seen. The old chief had remained standing near where Edith had been, and where the old Queen still was, with a deep and angry frown upon his swarthy brow, and refusing to stir an inch, during the affray. There had, of course, been more than a dozen shots thrown away by the young Indians; and, so far, there had been no result from them.

The position of the scouts was now becoming critical, for their enemies could command both sides of their places of shelter.

At a wave of the hand, the two men separated, and each, making a sort of semicircular sweep in opposite directions, ran towards the position where the old Queen still remained. The chief still remained near, either out of contempt for the assailants, or out of homage to the companion of his danger. Falconer did not dare, any longer, to leave the side of Edith. The sounds and sights of deadly battle had been acting upon her nerves, and her cheeks had grown pale as marble. She even trembled where she stood, when she heard the sound of the guns. So that the scouts alone were left to fight off the rabble. These young fellows were not the regular warriors of the tribe, bent upon a serious purpose of warfare; they were merely a gang of vicious vagabonds, whose object was the gratification of a personal ambition, and the indulgence of their selfish humors. Murphy and his companion, seeing this state of things, and not supposing that any danger could possibly threaten the old Queen or Hiokatoo, slowly withdrew into the thickets towards the lake. Notwithstanding their distrust of, and hostility to, the old chief, neither of these men would have abandoned him in his extremity, if they had imagined the least hazard awaited him, when the hated white people should have left him.

They were soon more fully enlightened as to the character and purposes of the assailants; for no sooner were they in cover, than the whole pack came howling on, brandishing every kind of murderous weapon, and threatening the two old people, who calmly awaited them, with instant destruction.

The children who had accompanied the party in their hasty return, were only few in number; and they had, in the first instance, been sent forward towards the lake, the older ones acting as guides and nurses for the younger.

When it became apparent that the thoughtless and reckless savages who were now approaching, meant to spare nothing which they could, with any apology, regard as an enemy, the scouts returned a little on their footsteps and took a nearer position. Falconer was also beckoned a short way from his fair charge, and came up to a place where he had a view of the infernal operations about to commence.

Both Hiokatoo and the old lady were at once surrounded by the yelling crew, and a rude sort of fandango began, accompanied by all sorts of threatening gestures and uncouth sounds.

"Be me sowl, Davie," said Murphy, in a quiet tone, "I'm mightily afeard we'll have to punish them young blackguards, afther all."

"The same thought has occurred to me, Timothy," replied Davie, carefully examining the priming of his gun. By this time Falconer stood by their side—the red angry spot disfiguring his forehead, while he fiercely grasped the gun which he bore.

"Stuart," said a gentle voice by his side; "Stuart, what is the reason they act thus to the good queen? It seemeth very strange. She is used only to attention and care. Can they mean to do her harm?"

"No, Edith, I think—at least, I hope not," answered the young man, in a half unconscious tone.

The tone and the manner both alarmed Edith for the safety of her aged friend.

"Surely thou can'st not permit this wrong to be done?" she exclaimed, this time approaching Falconer closely, and casting an imploring look in his face.

"And surely I will not!" he exclaimed, starting forward, for one of the young Indians had already made a threatening gesture towards the head of the quiet old woman.

"Wave yer hand, Captain dear, when ye want the work done; for divil a friend in all Ameriky should iver look me in the face again, if such a thing should happen."

In fact, Falconer did wave his hand, and the contents of four rifle barrels were sent into the distant group of yelling fiends. There was a falling and scattering among them. Shots were fired in return; some of the Indians rushed upon Hiokatoo, but the old giant drove them off contemptuously, disdaining to slay the young people of his own nation. Thus far fortune had singularly favored Elk-horn, and gathering courage from immunity, he had rushed upon the old lady, and caught her by the long, white hair, which flowed down her back.

"Arrah now, let go that, ye thief of the world," said Murphy, whose arms were that moment thrown round the savage, and who dragged him back with almost as much ease as he would have bent over a twig.

The Indian was at once disarmed. The others were already scattering, while Davie and Falconer, with anger in their manner, were following them.

Elk-horn seemed greatly surprised when, instead of being a victor over a poor old lady, he found himself in the iron grasp of a man like Murphy.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

[Back numbers of the LEDGER, containing this story, as far as published, can be obtained at any Periodical store in the country. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rest on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France? Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said: "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

* * *

TRUE COURAGE is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins, and a just sense of honor and of infamy, of duty and of religion, will carry us further than all the force of mechanism.

WEDDED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

At our feet shall blush—I said—
All the summer, white and red,
When my love and I are wed;
We will feast right royally,
Souls late touched to melody,
Sealed with truth's white entity;
We will drink immortal wine,
And the life shall be divine
That will hold his love and mine.
And when we are truly wed—
That shall be when ye are dead,
Only then—a whisper said.
Long ago we two have died,
To the world, and glorified
Stands our troth 'fore God—I cried.
Self-sufficient—conquering death,
With a mighty, inward faith
Drawn with full, sonorous breath.
We are given to understand
Love's ideal—and the brand
Of God's hand doth touch our hand.
In the royal house of life
Softly barr'd from mortal strife
Wedded lord and faithful wife—
Reinstated thro' our vows—
We will wind about our brows
The full calm of olive boughs.
Let the wind blow low or high,
Let the bitter voices cry,
And the dreary world go by!
Ever, evermore shall fall
In *our* garden and our hall
Love's divinest madrigal!
And our bliss shall swifter run
When the mystery, here begun,
Out of heaven a soul hath won.
But, if in the years to be,
Sloping Westward goldenly,
From our palace doors we see
'Twixt us and the light of day
A small hillock white with May—
We shall only softly say
We are patient, being blest,
For we know that it is best
When our children enter rest;
Tho' the way was wild and steep,
And the grave-room dark and deep,
Yet our dear one needed sleep—
And this little life that fell,
Swinging like a lily-bell
Vibrant in the breezes—well,
In GOD'S garden shines to-day,
Whiter than the croft of May
That doth make our gardens gay.
So our lives shall sweetly run
Like a river in the sun,
Singing, till our work be done—
Then our little lily-bell
We shall gather, knowing well
It from any asphodel!

AN HOUR WITH MYSELF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I don't think you know yourself, Mr. Selfcomplacency."

I had been speaking, a little boastfully, of my good qualities; particularly of my disinterestedness and integrity; when the individual with whom I was conversing, threw that wet blanket over me.

"Not know myself," so I said to myself, after parting, a little coldly, with my plain-spoken friend. "That's a good joke! If I, Mr. Selfcomplacency, don't know myself, pray, who does know me? Certainly, not you, Mr. Freespeech!"

I was piqued at Mr. Freespeech; and could not get over his remark, which involved a great deal that was not very flattering to my self-esteem. It annoyed me like a mote in the eye.

"Not know myself?" I kept repeating the words, every now and then, all day; and when I sat down alone in my room at night, they came in to disturb the hours that usually passed with me in calm self-satisfaction.

"Not know myself? What did he mean by that? I saw by his eye and voice, that he was in earnest. Somebody has been talking about me, and putting wrong constructions on my acts, and Mr. Freespeech has been more ready to believe evil than good. He'd better examine into his own quality; and I'll say so to him the next time we meet."

But I couldn't ease my mind by thoughts of this character. My self-esteem was wounded.

"Not know myself!" I repeated for the hundredth time. "What did I say to Mr. Freespeech that led him to make so uncharitable a remark? Why, that in voting for Mr. Cleveland, I only looked to the public good, as I hoped I would always look in every thing, and did look. I considered, and still consider, him the best man for the place. He wanted to elect Mr. Grant; but I don't like Grant. He is capable enough, no doubt; but our views differ widely in many particulars."

And here came in the questions, as if I were talking with another, who asked:

"Why don't you like Mr. Grant? Why do you prefer Mr. Cleveland?"

I went down into myself to get an answer to these queries, and after groping about for some time, came up, feeling a little more uncomfortable than I went down. Why? What had I discovered? Just this: the impression that, as President of the Bank, Mr. Cleveland would be far more likely to favor my interests than Mr. Grant; and here was the reason why I preferred him above the other, and had voted for him at the meeting of stockholders.

"Very disinterested, indeed, Mr. Selfcomplacency!" said I, two warm spots glowing on my cheeks. I felt them as if lighted candles were held near my face. "I wonder if Mr. Freespeech really suspected this!" The two warm spots now burned.

It seemed very probably, so clearly did the truth stand out before me. I tried to cover it up, to hide the mean fact; but it stood there, looking at me with a sinister leer. So this was my disinterestedness; this my regard for the public good? There had been some very favorable testimony on the side of Mr. Grant; and Mr. Freespeech had strongly urged his fitness for the place, on the ground of his known inflexible character. "Make him President," he said, "and there will be no partial administration of affairs; no individual preference on discount days; no leaning towards personal friends." Now, I, Mr. Selfcomplacency, standing in occasional need of bank facilities, and having experienced many uncomfortable disappointments on discount days, had, away back in my thought or purpose, the desire to secure an interested friend near the source of bank favors. So I had voted for Mr. Cleveland.

"I must own up in this case," said I, feeling something like a culprit. "The real motive is plain enough now, but it was removed so far away out of sight that I didn't suspect its existence. And I don't believe Mr. Freespeech saw it. How could he? It was nothing but spleen, on his part, growing out of disappointment. And his language and manner had so sweeping a signification, as if I were the most selfish man in the world; as if I never acted from purely disinterested motives! He forgets how I refused to take advantage of his ignorance in regard to the price of an article, by which I might have gained an advantage over him of several hundred dollars."

This thought restored, in a measure, my good opinion of myself; but only for a little while. I took another plunge down amid the more hidden things of my mind, and saw that I had not been influenced in this act by any regard for my neighbor's good whatever. That his interest had not been in all my thoughts; but only the desire to gain for myself a good reputation, which I had considered of more value than the few hundred dollars I would make in a transaction that a day or two would expose as a bit of sharp practice in trade, not always looked upon as strictly honorable. I could even recall the processes of thought by which I was influenced at the time. How I had pictured to myself the way he would talk about me among certain persons, with whom, above all things, I wished to stand well; the contempt they would feel for me, and even the pecuniary injury I might sustain. While on the other hand, the refusal, on my part, to accept an advantage to be gained over my neighbor's ignorance—and I was careful to let Mr. Freespeech understand all about the matter—would be told of me to my honor and benefit.

I actually covered my face with my hands, when close self-examination gave me this picture, and said, "For shame, Mr. Selfcomplacency!"

Again I went down amid the secret places of my heart, and looked steadily at the thoughts and purposes which were hidden away there from casual observation. I was liberal, taking my means into consideration, in regard to public and private charities; and made, yearly, a handsome contribution for the support of the church to which I belonged. The thought of this liberality had always been a pleasant thing to me; and it was one of my habits to contrast my generous devotion of the means God had placed in my hand, with the selfish withholdings apparent in others.

And in all this, I now saw the stain of a mean and almost hypocritical self-seeking. Had I looked to the good of my neighbor, or only to a good reputation for myself? Had I desired the peace of a good conscience, or only the approval of man? With a singular clearness of vision I saw myself, as to interior motives, and I could not find a single one of these motives that was not all clouded and disfigured by selfishness, pride, and a spirit of vain self-glory. I gave to the church. Why? In order that the gospel might be preached for the salvation of souls! This, I had often made bold to say, was the reason why I gave. But I could not find, in my heart, any genuine love of either saints or sinners; certainly not enough to induce me to give two hundred dollars a year for their safety or salvation. I'm at the confessional, reader, and shall make a clean breast of it. No—I could find love of self, taking on multiform shapes; but not a genuine love of anything or anybody out of myself.

"Rather humiliating this, Mr. Selfcomplacency," said I.

"Yes, it is humiliating," I answered to myself. "Very humiliating."

I gave, always, to public charities when called upon, and made a merit of this in my own thoughts. I considered myself a truly benevolent man. Now, as I groped amid the springs of action, I could find scarcely the feeblest sentiment of pity for suffering humanity; but the desire to stand well, as a kind-hearted and generous man, in the eyes of other people, was strong and active.

"Is there no good in me," I exclaimed, with a low, creeping shudder, starting to my feet, and beginning to walk the floor of my room.

"There is none good but one. That is God."

I remembered the words of our Saviour; and they came to me, now, with a fullness of meaning never comprehended before. I had read them, and heard them read in the great congregation of worshippers, hundreds of times. And yet, for all this, I, Mr. Selfcomplacency, thought myself a very good kind of a man, and far better than the common run of people. Indeed, I was in the habit of contrasting myself with other men, and taking the conclusion in my own favor; when it was not at all improbable that the chief difference between us was that I gave more heed to appearances, from a certain love of reputation, than they did.

"Mr. Freespeech was right. I didn't know myself; nor do I know myself, now, in this new guise? Am I, indeed, so wanting in honor, humanity, and integrity? My cheeks burn as if in the glow of a furnace!"

Take an hour with yourself, reader, and get down among the concealed motives by which your actions are governed, and, maybe, you will not like the new aspect in which you appear, any more than I like the one in which I have appeared.

THE PRESS-GANG'S VICTIM.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Some time during the month of June, 1809, the American brig Sarah, of and from Norfolk, Va., entered the port of Liverpool with a full cargo. She was commanded by Capt. William Brown, and his first mate was Tom Macdonough, a true-hearted Yankee sailor, who hailed from somewhere in the little State of Delaware. After the brig had been duly entered at the customhouse, she was soon cleared of her cargo, and within one week after her arrival, she was loaded for home.

One pleasant evening—the one preceding the day on which the brig was to sail—Tom Macdonough took a stroll up into the town. He had been at work all day, in arranging the cargo, and having merely started out for a stroll, he had not thought it worth while to change his dress. He had been up as far as the Exchange, and was returning by the way of the docks, when he was accosted by a man who appeared to be a citizen.

"Good evening, stranger."

"The same to you," returned Tom, never once mistrusting that there was harm in the way.

"Do you belong to any of the vessels now in the river?" asked the other, as he cast a scrutinizing glance over the somewhat rough habiliments of the American sailor.

"Yes. I belong to the American brig Sarah."

"No, no,—that won't do."

"What won't do?" asked Tom, not a little amazed at the remark.

"O, I know you," returned the stranger, "you are a deserter from the frigate."

As he spoke, he placed a small whistle to his mouth, and in a moment after its shrill note had cut the air, six marines came rushing out from a tap-room close at hand, and at a motion from the stranger, they seized hold upon Tom and made him their prisoner. In vain was it that Tom protested that he was second in command of the Sarah, and in vain that he threatened vengeance,—but against the power of six stout fellows he could make no effectual resistance, and so he was taken along to the naval landing, where five other prisoners, all victims of the press-gang, were awaiting their embarkation. A boat was in waiting, in the command of a lieutenant, and into it was Tom, with the rest of the unfortunate seaman, unceremoniously hurried, and in less than half an hour, he found himself on board an English frigate, which lay at the mouth of the river.

"A fine set of men," said the English captain, as he ran his eyes admiringly over the stalwart forms of the impressed seaman. "They will just fill up the list of our main-topmen."

"Are you the commander of this frigate?" asked Tom, addressing the man who had just spoken.

"Captain Downie, at your service," replied the commander, with mock gravity.

"Then, sir, of you I demand my immediate release. I am second in command of an American brig now ready for sea, and no power in England can legally detain me."

"That won't go down youngster," returned the captain with a sneer. "You are a little two young for such an office. The king needs men, and you must take your chance with the rest."

"Do you mean to say that I am to be detained on board your ship?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir," said Tom, while his eyes flashed fire, "you will do it at your peril. Already have your people run up a heavy reckoning, and the day shall yet come when your king will have to settle it. I am exempt, and you know it."

The captain showed a little anger as our hero spoke, but turning to one of his lieutenants, he said:

"Mr. Monson, have these men's names entered, and then station them and mess them;" and without further remark he walked aft to his cabin.

In a moment Tom's mind was made up, and without resistance or remark of any kind, he allowed his name to be entered on the purser's books, and his station and mess to be assigned him, after which a hammock and bedding were served out to him, and he was directed to "turn in" as soon as possible.

The frigate was well guarded by sentries, there being two upon the poop, one at each gangway, one on the forecastle, and one on the bowsprit, besides those which were stationed at various posts below, so that no further notice was taken of the new-comers after they had received their bedding, excepting to give the sentinels additional caution with regard to watching well that no one left the ship unless he was passed by the officer of the deck.

Tom's hammock was already clewed, and having hung it up, he turned into it without undressing. The night was warm and sultry, and as a means of giving a circulation of fresh air, the gun-deck ports were lowered, and from the place in which our hero swung he could look out upon the water, as it sparkled beneath the beams of the bright moon. Tom lay quiet until midnight, but as yet he could think of no means of escape. Shortly after that hour had passed, he heard the relief guard called, and in some ten minutes the corporal of the first guard came down upon the gun-deck and unlashed the hammock which hung next to his own, which operation being performed, he proceeded to undress himself, hanging his clothes, as he did so, upon the clews of his hammock. The four hours' duty had given the corporal an excellent appetite for sleep, and in less than five minutes after he touched his mattress, he began to snore.

"Now, or never," thought Tom, "is my chance;" and with this idea in his mind, he slipped quietly out of his hammock, and proceeded to divest himself of his own clothes, which having been accomplished, he very unceremoniously substituted those of the snoring corporal in their place, and then sat down upon the breech of a gun to meditate further upon his plans.

One bell struck, and the sentinels passed the usual "all's well." Then Tom heard the corporal, as he started to go his rounds, and ere long he descended the main-hatch ladder to visit the posts below. No sooner had the marine officer passed beyond the galley, than our hero sprang up the ladder, and gained the spar-deck. The officer of the deck was aft upon the starboard side, the sentries were walking their posts with regular tread, while the old quarter-master stood upon the poop, with his night-glass under his arm. The sentries performed their walk upon gang-boards raised even with the bottom of the hammock nettings, and running forward from the ladders. The larboard gangway was shaded from the light of the moon by the awnings, and walking deliberately up the ladder, Tom looked over the ship's side.

"Sentry," said he, in a mumbling sort of a tone, "what boat is that at the boom?"

"The second cutter," returned the marine, showing by his manner that he had no suspicions of the spurious corporal.

Tom immediately walked aft to where stood the officer of the deck, and being quite assured by the mistake of the sentry, he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and, touching his visor respectfully, remarked:

"I should like to overhaul that second cutter, sir, for I think there is rum aboard of her."

Tom knew he was playing a desperate game, but liberty was to be the result of success, and he flinched not a hair.

"Ha! the villains," uttered the lieutenant. "Up to their old tricks again! Go, corporal,—get down into the boat, and if you *do* find rum in her, they'll catch it."

Tom started quickly forward, but just as he got abreast of the fore-hatchway, he saw the *Simon pure* corporal's head rising above the combings. The marine ascended no higher, for with one blow of his fist Tom sent him back from whence he came, and then sprang quickly out through the port upon the swinging boom, and having reached the place where the second cutter's painter was made fast, he hauled the boat up and leaped into her. The flood tide was setting up the river very strongly, and quick as thought Tom cast off the painter, and rapidly dropped astern.

"Help! help!" shouted our hero, at the top of his voice; "the boat's got loose."

"Get out a couple of oars, you lubber," cried the officer of the deck, as he jumped upon the poop on hearing the cry, where he arrived just as the cutter was sweeping past the quarter. "You can hold her against the tide."

Tom *did* get out a couple of oars, but the moment he got them balanced in the rowlocks, he commenced pulling for dear life, and, to the utter consternation of the lieutenant, the boat began rapidly to shoot up the river. All the sentries on deck were immediately called upon the poop, and their muskets were fired at the deserter, but though two of the balls whistled near the boat, yet none of them did any harm, and on the next moment Tom heard the third cutter called away, but he knew the men were all sound asleep in their hammocks, and so he felt secure.

It was ten minutes before the third cutter cast off from the ship, and long ere they reached Tom he had gained the shore, and was running at a remarkable speed towards the city, which he reached in safety, and before two o'clock he was on board his own brig.

The next morning the Sarah dropped down with the ebb tide, and, as she passed the frigate, Tom saw the second cutter swinging in her usual place, and, as he gazed upon the proud flag that floated at the Englishman's peak, he murmured to himself:

"If I live, I'll some day take the pride from those proud tyrants."

How literally was that saying fulfilled! Tom Macdonough had been Decatur's favorite midshipman at the seige of Tripoli, and "wherever Decatur led he dared to follow." Subsequent to that brilliant chapter in the page of our history, occurred the event which is embodied in our sketch; but five years afterwards, on the 11th of September, 1814, Thomas Macdonough met one of England's proud fleets on Lake Champlain. At the first broadside, the British Commodore, Downie, fell, and at the end of a fight which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, without intermission, Commodore Thomas Macdonough was the conqueror of Champlain. He had gained a great victory—he had indeed humbled the pride of the tyrant, and that day's achievement forms one of the brightest pages in the history of America.

COMMODORE THOMAS MACDONOUGH—the hero of Tripoli—the conqueror of Champlain! He was a noble and true-hearted man, and a terror to all enemies of his country. Peace to his ashes, and everlasting honor to his memory!

THE IMPENETRABLE VAIL.

Oh, youth, youth! how passionate are thy impulses! how ardent thy aspirations! how glorious thy dreams! Manhood—how strong thy energies! Age—how profound thy experience and wisdom! And yet life baffles us; it is a mystery even to the mind which has measured the distance of the stars, demonstrated the organic laws of nature and creation. A vail—a dark, impenetrable vail—is drawn between man and the principle of life. As he investigates it, it recedes—as he grasps at it, his hand is filled with ashes.

> "Oh! were it not for this sad voice,
> Stealing amidst our mirth to say,
> That all in which we must rejoice,
> Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey!
> But for this feeling—only this—
> Life were a cup so filled with bliss!"

A WANT.—Children should have a minister of their own. Not a gentleman in a stiff neck-cloth and black coat, who says solemnly, in a sepulchral voice, (once a year, on his parochial visit,)—"S-a-m-u-e-l—my—boy—how—do—you—do?" but a genial, warm-hearted, loving, spiritual father, who considers himself neither wiser, nor greater, nor better than he who took little children in his arms and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

GOOD DEAL OF TRUTH IN IT.—Virtue comes from industry quite as much as from morality. "An idle head is Satan's worship;" and let a man do nothing for a fortnight, the old adversary will get possession of his pate, bring in a stock of evil thoughts, start the machinery of low passions, and commence his regular business of producing sin.

"MA'AM," said a quack of this city to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutunuturury complaint." "Pray, doctor, what is that?" "It is the dropping of the nerves, ma'am: the nerves having fallen in the pizarinturn, the chist becomes morberous, and the head goes tisarizeen, tisarizeen." "Ah, doctor!" exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelin's exactly."

THE "LAST WORD."—The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

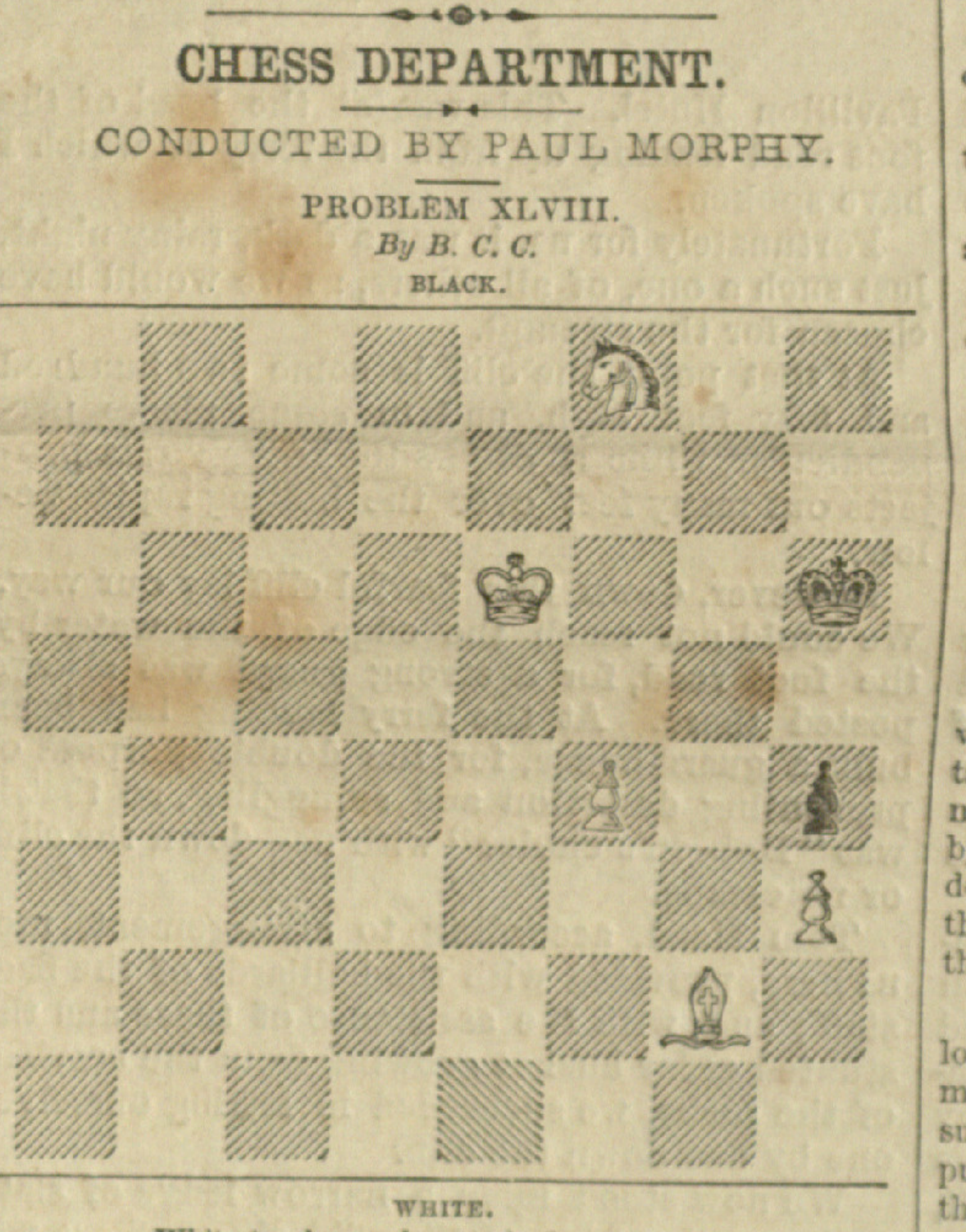
CHESS DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY PAUL MORPHY.

PROBLEM XLVIII.

By B. C. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XLVII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K. to Kt. third	1. Kt. to B. fifth (ch). R. to B. third, or R. to Kt. eighth (ch). (A. B. C.)
2. K. to B. fourth 3. Mates.	2. Any move
	A.
	1. B. to K. fourth (ch)
2. Q. takes B. (ch)	2. K. takes Q.
3. Kt. takes P. mate.	
	B.
	1. B. takes B. (dis ch)
2. K. to B. fourth	2. B. to K. fifth
3. P. mates.	
	C.
	1. Anything else
2. Q. to Kt. sixth (ch)	2. K. to K. fourth
3. Kt. takes P. mate.	

GAME FIFTY-SECOND.

And thirty-third between Labourdonnais and M'Donnell.

WHITE. *Labourdonnais.*	BLACK. *M'Donnell.*
1. P. to Q. fourth	1. P. to Q. fourth
2. P. to Q. B. fourth	2. P. takes P.
3. P. to K. third	3. P. to K. fourth
4. B. takes P.	4. P. takes P.
5. P. takes P.	5. Kt. to K. B. third
6. Kt. to K. B. third	6. K. B. to K. second
7. Castles	7. Castles
8. P. to K. R. third	8. Q. Kt. to Q. second
9. Kt. to Q. B. third	9. Kt. to Q. Kt. third
10. B. to Q. Kt. third	10. P. to Q. B. third
11. Q. B. to K. third	11. K. Kt. to Q. fourth (a)
12. Q. to K. second	12. P. to K. B. fourth
13. Q. R. to K.	13. P. to K. B. fifth (b)
14. Q. B. takes P.	14. R. takes B.
15. Q. takes B.	15. Q. takes Q.
16. R. takes Q.	16. K. to B.
17. R. to K. fourth	17. R. to K. B. third.
18. Kt. takes Kt.	18. P. takes Kt.
19. R. to K. third	19. Q. B. to K. B. fourth
20. Kt. to K. fifth	20. P. to K. R. third
21. R. to Q. B.	21. R. to Q.
22. R. to Q. B. seventh	22. Q. B. to its square
23. R. to K. Kt. third	23. Q. B. to Q. second
24. K. B. takes P.	24. Kt. takes B.
25. R. takes B.	25. R. takes R.
26. Kt. takes R. (ch) and wins (c).	

NOTES.

(a). For comments on the opening moves, see the games at the same debut previously published in the LEDGER.

(b). A heedless move, that throws away a clear Pawn. 13. K. to R. square would have been better play.

(c). A short contest, indifferently played throughout by M'Donnell, and presenting no point of interest.

GAME FIFTY-THIRD.

Brilliant little game between Mr. Boden and an Amateur, the former giving the odds of the K. Kt.

WHITE. *Mr. Boden.*	BLACK. *Mr. S——l.*
1. P. to K. fourth	1. P. to K. fourth
2. B. to B. fourth	2. B. to B. fourth
3. Castles	3. P. to Q. third
4. P. to Q. Kt. fourth	4. B. takes Kt. P.
5. P. to Q. B. third	5. B. to Q. R. fourth
6. P. to Q. fourth	6. Kt. to Q. B. third
7. Q. to Q. R. fourth	7. B. to Q. second
8. P. to Q. fifth	8. Kt. to Q. fifth
9. Q. takes K. B.	9. Kt. to B. seventh
10. P. to K. B. fourth	10. Kt. takes R.
11. P. takes K. P.	11. P. takes P.
12. P. to Q. sixth	12. Q. B. P. takes P.
13. B. takes B. P. (ch)	13. K. to K. second
14. Q. takes K. P. (ch)	14. P. takes Q.
15. B. to Q. R. third mate.	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. SPAULDING writes all the way from "Sierra County," California, marks his letter very carefully "via Panama," and asks two rudimental chess questions, which trouble he might have saved himself by looking into any treatise on the game. Supposing, however, that the LEDGER penetrates where such books do not, we will inform him that it is not customary among players to say "check" when the Queen is attacked, or to give notice of such attack, although this rule obtains in France, and is often practiced as a matter of courtesy here, though never claimed as a right. The capturing Pawn *en passant* stands on the third square of the line of the advancing adverse Pawn.

B. C. C., Boston.—Few correspondents would make the *amende honorable* as you have done—viz.: write a querulous communication because of a *supposed* error in a problem and then send a second letter close upon the heels of the first, acknowledging that the mistake was your own and not the LEDGER'S. We commend your example to the consideration of certain chess *quidnuncs*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WE get so habituated to the landscapes in romances that in these only we luxuriate; we turn from the actual creation to rejoice in a fanciful one. We wait till the shutters are closed to find a summer's dawn blushing beautifully on paper; and, half asleep near a smoking lamp at midnight, we have in the same way a resplendent sunset on the mountains.

WORDS, like infants, are not loved by weight and length; little words, like little children and little planets, are nearest the great warm heart. Words that weigh a pound are seldom more than one syllable long. Compact, portable packages of thought are such words as life, love, truth, right.

A WESTERN editor says that he now lives in a shanty, but has got a fine brick house in his head. We fear that most editors, instead of having brick houses in their heads, have merely a few specimen bricks in their hats.

A CUNNING mind can better discriminate the nice points of a case than take a broad and just view of it. It can find the needle in the haystack, but cannot see the haystack itself.

MINDS, like growing fruit, should mellow as time advances, but more frequently, estranged from what is proper to them, like fruits prematurely plucked, they only rot into a semblance of ripeness.

THE cultivation of one master passion is, especially in superior minds, a sovereign that exiles all others. It is observed by a great mathematician, that a geometrician would not be unhappy in a desert.

GREAT talkers may generally be trusted with everything but your secrets. A caitiff, on the other hand, is seldom communicative.

A FULL glass is as full as a full bottle; and a human soul may be as much satisfied in the lowest of human beings as in the highest.

NOTHING so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

WHY do those who get up "hops," generally prefer night and ball-rooms to open day and grassy fields? We guess the happiest of all hoppers are grasshoppers.

THE sea, in which sharks, devil-fish, and other ravenous monsters most abound, is "the sea of literature."

IT has been said that a good man's last hours are his best. Yes, they are the best for himself, but a bad man's are the best for mankind.

YOU had better send a son unarmed and helpless into a wilderness of ferocious wild animals than into the world without education.

NEVER take morning bitters. Morning sweets, as you leave your house, are much better, and a kiss from your wife makes the best.

"WHY are you so angry, Miss, at my just laying my hand on your pretty shoulder?" "Sir, I always get angry when men get *touchy*."

WHILE there is so much within us to make war upon, it is gratuitous to commence a war with exterior enemies.

A LADY'S dressing-table is probably called a toilet because it is there that most of her toil is generally performed.

YOU can't be sure that a dog isn't cross till you see him wag his tail. So, before you undertake to pet him, *wait for the waggin'*.

"SIR, your gaze is very offensive to me." "And truly, Miss, you are not very pleasing to my gaze."

A COUNTRY editor, speaking of the crops, remarks that in many places Nature has put on a rye face.

THE world does not reward genuine merit so often as its counterfeit.

"IF you are not careful, wife, I shall lose my temper." "Well, I shall not help you find it if you do."

AN extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it, and at length to relax into a supine neglect.

NO other gain is so certain as that which proceeds from the economical use of what you have.

NO man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

"MADAM, your remark is a gross insult to my whole sex." "What sex is that, sir?"

CURRENT ITEMS.

A GIRL seventeen years of age, living with her widowed mother in a Western city, had formed an attachment for a young man who was obnoxious to her mother, and on his being driven from the door one evening by the latter, the girl retired to her room, swallowed a dose of laudanum, and was soon beyond all the troubles of this world, leaving her desolate parent horror-stricken at the result of her ill-managed interference.

THE highest legal tribunal of Scotland not long since decided that, according to the Scotch law of marriage, *consent* is the essence of the contract, and is sufficient to constitute marriage without any ceremony or publication, or even without the parties living together; that if the parties seriously and actually *consent* to be man and wife, from that time forth they *are* man and wife, in Scotland.

The Queen of Spain and her cabinet are said to be much incensed at "the high-handed and wantonly outrageous course which the United States have for many years pursued towards her august Majesty," and have given our government notice, in "a letter of great energy," that unless an end be put to American insolence there will be blood shed somewhere—which is probable.

A TEXAS newspaper says that four men, near Bastrop in that State, caught a boy fourteen years old whom they suspected of stealing, and whipped him, by turns, all day long to make him confess, occasionally diversifying their amusement by hanging the poor victim to a joist. The miserable ruffians were arrested and bound over for trial for their inhuman conduct.

A SERIOUS row recently occurred at Myrtle Avenue Park in Williamsburg, in which over a hundred rowdies from New York and Brooklyn were "counted in." Furniture, fences and heads were smashed; but as the wounded were carried off by their comrades it was impossible to ascertain the extent of damage to life and limb.

A RETURNED Californian has brought a suit in Philadelphia to recover fifty thousand dollars which he says he was induced to give to a fascinating young lady, some years since, to invest for him "in the East," and which she invested in her own name, and dying left a will bequeathing the whole sum to her own relatives.

A SHORT time since two girls, who were passing along the street of a village in Vermont, were knocked down by a stroke of lightning, and although a red mark was left on the neck of one, and a foot of the other permanently blackened by the electric fluid, they did not appear to receive any serious injury from the shock.

A BOY living in Palmer, Mass., recently had his arm broken, where it had been previously fractured, and before it had entirely healed. It was again set, but began to swell, and continued so to do until it attained an enormous size, which all the skill of the physicians has thus far been unable to reduce.

AN English lady of rank has married the Bedouin chief of Damascus, and set out for England with her husband for the purpose of civilizing and taming him.

A SERVANT, living in a wealthy family near Orangeville, Texas, recently murdered his master and mistress, and a little boy. He was pursued, caught, and hung by the enraged populace.

A NEW JERSEY paper says that the seventeen year locusts have begun to appear in large numbers in the southern part of that State, and are committing great ravages.

THE chief justice of Lavacca county, Texas, having offended a citizen by some decision, was recently shot by him, in the streets of Halletsville, and mortally wounded.

A GENTLEMAN living in Hanover, Pa., recently left home to go to Baltimore, on a pleasure excursion, but before riding far on the train, he fell from the platform of a car and was killed.

A COUPLE of gangs of rowdies recently got into a fight in West street when they used knives and pistols so freely that several were badly wounded, one of them fatally.

A HUGE black bear, weighing over four hundred pounds, was recently killed in Huntington, Vt., where he had been making great havoc in the sheep folds.

A VILLAGE in Iowa has distinguished itself by raising a pig with eight good legs.

A LITTLE child, five years of age, living in Wheeling, Va., recently died from eating dried apples.

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THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ALICE CARY.

Her voice was tender as a lullaby,
  Making you think of milk-white dews that creep
Among th' mid-May violets when they lie
  All in the yellow moonlight fast asleep.

Ay, tender as that most melodious tone
  The lark has, when within some covert dim
With leaves, he talks with morning all alone,
  Persuading her to rise and come to him.

Shy in her ways: her father's cattle knew—
  (No neighbor half so well)—her footstep light,
For by the pond where mint and mallows grew
  Always she came and called them home at night.

A sad, low pond that cut the field in two
  Wherein they ran, and never billow sent
To play with any breeze, but still withdrew
  Into itself, in wrinkled, dull content.

And here, through mint and mallows she would stray
  Musing the while she called, as it might be
On th' cold clouds, or winds that with rough gray
  Shingled the landward slope of the near sea.

God knows! not I, on what she mused o' nights
  Straying about the pond—she had no woe
To think upon, they said, nor such delights
  As maids are wont to hide. I only know

We do not know the weakness or the worth
  Of any one—th' Sun as he will may trim
His golden lights—he cannot see the earth
  He loves, but on the side she turns to him.

I only know that when this lonesome pond
  Lifted the buried lilies from its breast
One warm, wet day (I nothing know beyond)
  It lifted her white face up with the rest.

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DESERTING.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

The years of 1837 and '38, were exciting times in Canada, and along both sides of the frontier. Those were the years of the great rebellion, as we were taught to call it; but which a very respectable portion of the people on both sides of the line, designated as the Patriot war.

I was a soldier in the 42nd Regiment of (British) Infantry, and had just served out a full enlistment of ten years. The term expired just about the time the Caroline was cut out, and sent adrift over the Falls, by a party of over-zealous royalists, led on by Sir Allan M'Nabb.

This high-handed and shameful event was celebrated in an uproarious manner, in the garrison; and during the debauch which myself and comrades were permitted to indulge in to excess, I was induced to re-enlist for another long term of service.

This was a step I certainly should not have taken had I been sober. But it's a true saying—"When wine is in, wit is out." I was heartily tired of the worthless and unmanly life of a private soldier; and had been looking forward with hopeful anticipations to the period when I should once more become a free man.

When, therefore, I came to myself, and found that instead of being permitted to quit my dissipated and idle companions, and go in search of some respectable employment, I was still subject to the orders and caprices of my tyrannical officers, I resolved at once to escape, if possible, to the American side.

At this time, the company to which I belonged was stationed at old Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River; and as several desertions had already taken place from the garrison, a strict guard had been established along the river, and the lake shore; making it impossible to escape from that post.

But late in the spring we were relieved by several companies of the 73rd—and marched into quarters a short distance below the village of Chippeway,—and near the old battle ground of Lundy Lane.

Here, opposite the Falls,—above which for miles heaved the wild rapids, and below gaped the frightful gorge, reaching to the village of Queenston, down through which roared the maddened river, it was not deemed necessary to keep so vigilant a guard. And from this place I determined to make the attempt.

I was a good swimmer,—the best in my company, and in fact, for that matter, the crack man of the regiment. I had often, while stationed at Fort George, for the amusement of the officers, who would wager small amounts on my feats—swam a mile and more out into the waves of Lake Ontario, and back again to the beach, without experiencing much fatigue.

Indeed, of late, I had practiced swimming with a view to making it a means of escape from the life that every day was becoming more and more loathsome to me.

I now concluded to attempt the passage of the river below the Falls, and between the ferry stair-case and the spot over which now stretches the new suspension bridge.

You will think mine was, indeed, a desperate determination. And so it was. But let it be remembered that we had never been permitted to descend to the bottom of the cliff; and the river at this point, seen from the top of the bank, presented not the wild and frightful appearance that really belonged to it. I have somewhere heard it said that "distance lends enchantment to the view,"—and certainly in this case it did; for from the great hight at which we were only permitted to look upon the fierce torrent, it was robbed of a great portion of its horror; while the thunder of the cataract drowned the roar of its waves.

I had observed, too, that the skillful ferrymen, experienced but little difficulty in propelling in safety their little skiffs from one side of the river to the other; but I had *not* observed that these men took advantage of the eddy formed by the uprushing of the waters just escaped from the cataract, and that this eddy was confined to that particular spot. In short, I was totally ignorant of the frightful impetuosity and wild character of the river that surged and roared down through that dark ravine below me.

Had I then known as much of it as I now do, there is no earthly treasure or ambition that would have tempted me to make the desperate passage.

But another ten years of degrading bondage I was determined not to endure, while only the narrow channel of the Niagara lay between me and the land of promise, beckoning me to its green hills. I knew that as soon as my feet pressed that soil, I should be a man once more, and with my strong hands, and willing heart, could soon hold my head up again among men.

I had a friend and confidant, named Tom Head, who for years had shared my soldier's bunks with me. Tom and I were from the same village on the Trent, and I could not bear the thought of deserting and leaving him behind. I thereupon led him into the secret of my intentions. Tom, poor fellow, was as anxious to quit the idle life as I was, and gladly agreed to join me. Oh! how often since have I regretted that I permitted him to know my plans. He might but for that have still been alive, and the best private soldier of his company.

Tom Head could not swim. He used to say, jocularly, that he "could out-dive any man in the regiment, if he but had a mind to; but when it came to the swimming part, he was not even a match to a cobbler's lapstone."

At first I tried to hit upon some other plan for him to escape; but Tom insisted that he could cross the river with me, if he could only induce John Willis to accompany us.

This man was an expert swimmer; and it was him the officers used to back often against me in our trials upon the lake. He was a much more muscular man than I, and for a short tussle with the waves, when tossed by a storm, he was more than my master. It was in *wind* only that I excelled him; and although he was really the best swimmer, I could swim *longer* than he could.

John had recently been promised a corporality on the first vacancy, and it was doubtful if he could be persuaded to join us. But one day Tom Head came to me and said that he had just had a talk with Willis, and the latter had consented to go. His (Willis's) pride had been touched, he said, when he laughingly hinted that he doubted if he could stem the current with me.

"I'll tell you what, Tom Head," said Willis, "till this moment the thought of leaving the company had never entered my head. But just to let that Bill Hines know that I can swim in any water he can, I'm with you. By Jove! I won't back down to him anywhere—no, not even for a leap down that thundering waterfall yonder! Bill's a good fellow enough, and we've always been friends, if he is a little jealous of me sometimes. But, never mind—I'll join you!"

We soon contrived to have a meeting with Willis; and it was agreed between him and me that we would desert together, keeping Tom Head afloat between us, by means of a plan which I will soon tell you of. All we waited for was a dark night, when one of us should be on guard.

It was not long before Willis and myself were drawn for the picket guard in the vicinity of the Pavillion Hotel. This was at the head of the foot road leading up from the ferry of which I have spoken.

Fortunately for us, it was a dark, rainy night, just such a one, of all others, as we would have chosen for the attempt.

At that point the cliff is some two hundred and fifty feet high, and in some places perpendicular, while at others the rocky strata projects out many feet over the boiling rapids below.

However, down this fearful cliff lay our way. We could not reach the edge of the water by the foot road, for a strong guard was always posted there. At the ferry landing had been built a guard-house, for the double purpose of preventing desertion and smuggling, so that it was "Hobson's choice" with us—down the cliff, or no escape.

Tom Head, according to arrangement, met us here, provided with the halliards of the flag-staff; and with the assistance of these and the stunted cedar bushes growing from the crevices of the rocks, we succeeded in letting ourselves one by one down the cliff.

We now stood upon a narrow ledge of slaty rock, on the edge of the wild river, whose waters, heaving upwards and then as suddenly falling again, made it extremely difficult for us to keep our foothold.

It was now that for the first time our hearts began to fail us; for never till now had we formed a conception of the horrors of that seething torrent. There we clung to that precarious foothold, where no human being had ever ventured before, while the frowning cliffs closed upon us, and the fierce current flew frantically past. Dark and rayless as was the night above us, a lurid light filled that awful ravine, for the leaping billows, as they raved and crowded each other impetuously along, and the dashing spray, was lighted with a phosphorescent gloom, that added a tenfold horror to the place. The lurid light loomed upon the threatening cliffs, and was reflected in a dull glow upon the vapor loaded air over our heads.

It seemed as if we had suddenly fallen into the inner gates of Hades.

To return was now impossible; for even if the upward climb of the cliff could have been accomplished, our desertion had doubtless already been detected, and there now lay before us no other way but to trust to Heaven and strong arms, and attempt the passage of those wild rapids.

We were not long in debating the question, for to tell the truth, with the awful scene before us, we dared not trust ourselves to its decision; and kneeling in that awful spot we commended our lives to the keeping of Heaven. Our words were drowned by the thunders of the torrent; but with trusting assurance we prepared for the struggle.

We were some distance below the foot of the ferry staircase, on the American side. But our intention was to reach that spot. We had observed from the top of the cliff, that it was easy to ascend to that point from below, and we also trusted to an eddy on that side to help us to the landing. This we now talked over hastily.

John Willis and myself doubted not that we could stem the current below; but we had to help our comrade over who had never swam a lick in his life. But Tom Head was a small man and we hit upon the following plan to *tow* him across.

Among the drifts at the base of the cliff, we found a light piece of a cedar sapling. This was as buoyant as a cork; and cutting a portion of the flag halliards, we knotted a piece of the cord to each end of this float. The knotted ends were made into a loose collar which Willis and myself passed over our heads, and directing Tom Head to grasp the centre of the timber, we once more commended our souls to Heaven, and pushed out into the current.

Scarcely had we trusted ourselves to the treacherous waves, than we found ourselves thrown and tossed from crest to crest as if we had been only dried leaves of the forest. Of what avail was the strength of mortal man against the headlong rush of that hell of waters? Down, down the mad current we were hastened with a force that was terriffic. Our voices died upon our lips, for in the wild chaos of sounds that rose with a ceaseless roar from the torrent, no human sound could vibrate.

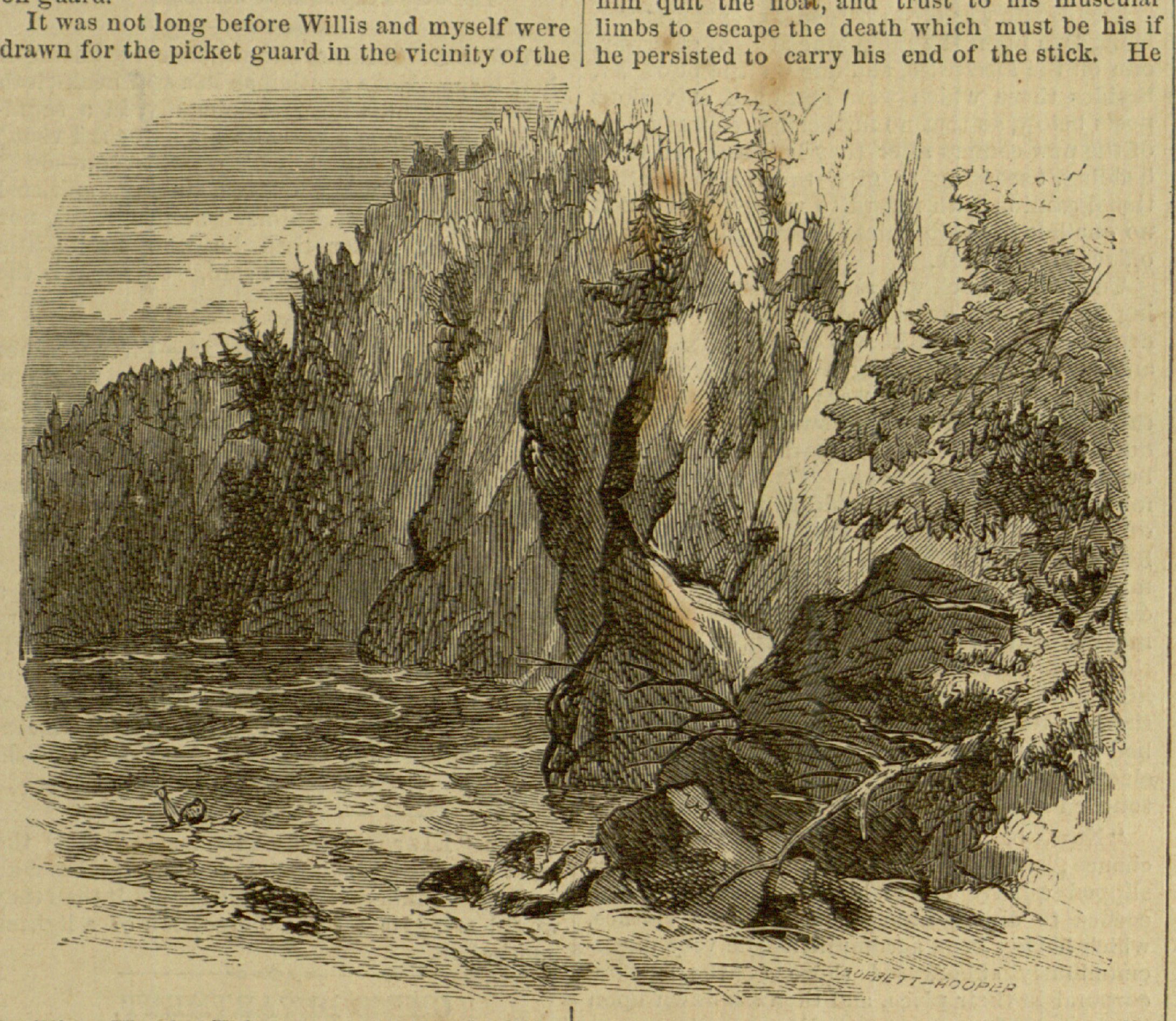
With a few frightful shocks we found ourselves hurled into the centre of the combing rapids, when borne resistlessly among the froth and rubbish of the tide, we could gaze down into the seething eddies on either side of us. No terrified racehorse ever flew with half the velocity that we were borne along upon those thundering rapids.

Yet with all this fearful tossing, we three human beings remained together; but the rope upon my neck was eating into the flesh, and almost strangling me, as we were swerved and thrown from side to side.

We could not call to each other, but the phosphorescent light, that made the pent up waters appear like a great cauldron of living fire, made us as visible to each other as by the light of the day.

Poor Tom Head still clung wildly to the cedar float; but I could see that my strong yoke fellow was suffering terribly. He had ceased to exert himself by swimming,—for that was useless, while it was impossible to sink beneath the surface;—and with swollen face and distended eyeballs seemed to be choaking to death.

I tried again to call to him to throw the fatal rope from his neck, and leave Tom to me; but the words were not heard even by myself. Once or twice I caught his eyes as he turned them toward me beseechingly, and tried by signs to make him quit the float, and trust to his muscular limbs to escape the death which must be his if he persisted to carry his end of the stick. He appeared to comprehend me, but refused to slip the rope over his head. This he could have done for I repeatedly slipped mine over upon my arm to show him how easy it was. But Willis would not desert his friend; but still wore the rope over his neck, till after a few seconds more, it really proved his death; and I could perceive he hung to the end of the float, a lifeless form.



I now had as much as I wanted, to attend to my own situation, with the dead weight of two men thrown upon my neck. And reaching out toward my living companion, I drew him to me, and by signs made him catch by my shoulders, while I freed myself from the float, and with the body of poor Willis hanging to it, I pushed it as far from me as my strength would allow.

This effort threw me from the ridging crest of the rapids into an eddy of comparatively smoother water; and taking advantage of it, I plied all the strength of my arms, and to my great joy perceived that I was striking diagonally across the current.

But again the rapids of the American side caught me, and again I was thrown headlong down the leaping waters, out in the direction of the Great Whirlpool, from which I knew no living thing ever emerged.

Tom Head, too, seemed to be aware of the new horror, and becoming frantic with the prospect of the awful death that awaited us, clung wildly to my neck with such force as to suddenly arrest both circulation and breath.

This was an awful moment to me, when a thousand tumultuous thoughts rushed hotly through my brain, and I was about to sink with the madman still clutching at my throat. But the instinct of self-preservation is strong, even stronger than the love of a brother, and tearing Tom's clenched fingers from their hold, I sprang from him, and striking him with my foot, left him to die alone. I dared not look over my shoulders upon his drowning struggles. And now, freed from his weight, and breathing freely once more, I uttered a prayer to Heaven, and struck out toward the eddy above the Manitou Rock, and just at the commencement of the frightful cauldron of the Whirlpool.

God of Heaven be praised! I reached it, and clutched at the overhanging evergreens of the American side.

But what occurred for many hours after this I never knew. I must have been crazed by the terrible excitement I had passed through, and the first I knew of myself and my situation, the sun was far down in the west, and I was wandering on the banks of the Whirlpool, without a ray of clothing, and gazing down into the eternally circling floods upon which, at intervals, there leaped to the surface, and for an instant stood bolt upright, two naked, lifeless forms, which I knew to be those of my late companions. Round and round those converging circles they were carried, till swallowed up in the all-devouring vortex, they disappeared for a little, to return to the outer circles again, and thus to gyrate and toss their limbs in mimicry of life, till decay and the solvent waters should hide them from the sight of man forever.

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A GLANCE AT FASHION.

A country lady asks me, "What are the fashions?" Anything and everything, ma'am: you can't very well be out of fashion if you try, where on the same promenade, and in the same state of the thermometer, you may see side by side the cloth cloak and the cobweb, lace mantilla; the gauze hat and the fur victorine; the barége dress and the velvet mantle; the fan and the muff. Wear anything you like, my friend, for nobody even turns to look at that hideous mongrel, "a Bloomer." Still, if I might advise, and you are about to purchase a cloak, in mercy toss not over your shoulders that baggy concern, which is the latest fright adopted by the angelic sisterhood, all tassels and folds; worn principally, of course, by those who inevitably would look worst in it, but which would be an effectual disguise for the finest figure that ever Mother Nature turned. I think this hideosity is termed the "Arab cloak," and when this is surmounted, as is often the case, by a baggy-crowned bonnet, the effect is soul-harrowing! My dear, but unknown friend, if you value shapeliness and good looks, shun them, though forty man and woman milliners seducingly whisper "it is the latest fashion." When there are so many pretty, quiet, gray fabrics in the market for summer wear, she who wriggles in the marigold or sun-flower style of costume deserves to die an old maid; this gray Quaker dress, without the stiffness of the Quaker apparel, is as refreshing to the eye as a dewy violet, in a bed of glaring red poppies. If you are pretty, ma'am, you will look still prettier in it; if you are ugly, you will at least avoid looking like a variegated barber's pole.

FANNY FERN.

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SCHOOL PIC-NICS.

Pic-nics—strawberry, blackberry and gooseberry "festivals!" I know it is high treason to say so, but I pity the children who are inveigled into them, and whose enjoyment is generally in anticipation. True, the boldest and forwardest *may* find a cool place on board the boat, where they won't broil; or a shady spot in the grove when they reach it; and a nibble of cake, or a sandwich and a draught of lemonade; but for *the little shy things* who would cook to a cinder before they would complain of the heat, who would starve before they would say that they were hungry and faint, and had been overlooked in the distribution of "goodies," who have no talent for grabbing, and would be trampled to death before they would even squeak;—what of such?

There *may* be male and female excurtionists who don't go on such trips to pair off for flirtations in umbrageous groves, and let the children take care of themselves; there may be adult pic-nic-ians, who see that the children are properly fed before they satisfy their own hunger, and who, in the absence of their parents, feel responsible for their not tumbling into the river, or being sunstruck; let us fervently hope—in anticipation of all the forth coming "festivals" of this season—that there are; but our own private opinion and independent belief is, that "the dear children," on these occasions come out at the little end of the horn, and that horn—*not* the "horn of plenty."

FANNY FERN.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MORTIMER.—We have read your statement with interest and sympathy. You tell us, that from the days of your honeymoon to the present time, a period of eight years, your "bitter and burning quarrels with your wife have been incessant." You say that her temper is bad, her disposition worse, her conduct mean, but that you are mild, forgiving and conscientious; in your habits, temperate and correct. If you remain with her, you think, there is no prospect before you but misery and bitterness; and, therefore, you meditate leaving her. After reflecting upon your letter, we have the strong impression that a better course is possible for you. You may rely upon it, you are not so blameless as you think you are. There can be no "bitter and burning quarrel" unless both parties are in fault. Our advice is, try self-control, a year or two. Stop quarrelling. Never return bitterness, and quench burning words either with loving words or with silence. We venture to make this prediction, that when you have learned to control your own temper, you will be able to control hers, also. We admit that there are a very few women, and a few men, so "curst" in temper, that peaceful living with them is almost impossible; but no one can know, until he has tried, what wonders love and self-command can work. Mortimer, stick to your wife, and save her.

ENQUIRER.—*Epact* is the excess of the solar month above the lunar month, or of the solar year above the lunar year; the former is called the *menstrual*, and the latter the *annual* epact. The annual epact is almost eleven days. *Dominical Letter* is one of the first seven letters of the alphabet, with which the Sundays are marked in the almanacs throughout the year. If the year begins on Sunday *A* is the dominical letter; if on Monday, *G*; if on Tuesday, *F*; and so on. *Golden Number* is the year of the lunar cycle. *Solar cycle* is a period of twenty years, at the expiration of which time the days of the month return again to the same days of the week; the sun's place to the same signs and degrees of the ecliptic on the same month and days, so as not to differ one day in a hundred years, and the leap-years begin the same course over again. *Roman Indiction* is a period of fifteen years, used by the Romans for indicating the time of certain payments. It has no connection with the celestial motions. *Julian period* is the date of the year, as computed by three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days to the year, which was in use all over Europe, until reformed by Gregory, A. D. 1582.

MARINNE.—As you and "all the rest of the society" say, it is an undoubted fact that marriage is above all others the grand test of character; a man may gloss his infirmities, or, to speak in plainer terms, his sins, to the world; but he cannot hide them long from his wife, and if she be a woman of good sense she will endeavor to eradicate them. This is one of the great advantages of wedlock: the wife corrects and purifies the man. Again, there is nothing like matrimony for bringing out a man's energies, be they those of the mind or the hand: the feeling that the support and the happiness, as far as that may be within human control, of another committed to his charge, will rouse into action powers which have hitherto been dormant, and of which it may be he was unconscious; and as he will become a more useful, so will he, if his mind be rightly constituted, become a better man for the exertion of them. Marriage, therefore, makes the world better, wiser, and more industrious, and these are unanswerable arguments with all who would not only have society be orderly, but improved and adorned.

LOVE-LORN.—You would be a very foolish girl to elope, and marry a man who is out of favor with both your parents. Elopements are very bad things, and often lead to a long train of misfortunes. A man who will induce a young girl to disobey her parents, and take such a rash step as to elope with him, is not apt to be a person of the very best or noblest nature. There is generally a sad defect in his "make-up." He lacks true manliness, and is devoid of magnanimity. He ruthlessly sacrifices the peace and happiness of a family, simply to gratify his own selfishness. On the whole, an "eloper" is a nuisance, and ought to be "suppressed." If your lover is all your fancy paints him,—"the soul of honor," "one of nature's noblemen," and all that,—your parents cannot fail to appreciate him long before you will be old enough to assume the responsibilities of married life.

T. V. W.—Suspension bridges, as you conjecture, are not so popular as they were when first introduced. Where bridges of wood or stone can be conveniently built, they are now preferred; but time has shown that suspension bridges are among the most useful of inventions, and that they can be made strong enough for any purpose whatever. The two suspension bridges over the Niagara river have been put to the severest possible tests of weight and wind, and they are still as firm as when first constructed. In the three instances known to us of the fall of suspension bridges, the catastrophe was owing to the unwise economy of those who had the charge of building them. If you place a suspension bridge over the Brazos, we strongly advise you to do the work thoroughly, or you will wake up some gusty morning and find it missing.

MOSES.—Not only had all the ancient nations the tradition of a general deluge, but of an antediluvian period, during which people lived to an extraordinary age. The East Indians, for example, will tell you, to this day, that some of their holy men of old lived 100,000 years, while ordinary mortals lived 80,000 years. They speak of a king who, after having reigned 29,000 years, was cut off in his prime. They have records, also, of a king who came to the throne in his two millionth year, and, after reigning more than six million years, abdicated the throne, and lived in retirement 100,000 years more. For the Roman notions of the deluge, see the beginning of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

ANNABEL.—You ask us two questions. 1st. If a gentleman invites a lady to make a call with him, and comes for her, is it polite for the lady to propose starting, or to wait for the gentleman to do it? The lady, of course, whose convenience every gentleman is supposed to consult, when he desires the favor of her company. 2nd. If a gentleman next her in church offers the Hymn-Book, should she take it, or merely take hold of one side of it, so that both could look over? That depends upon the supply of Hymn-Books; if they are scarce, she can with propriety look over it with him; if not, and she prefers having one to herself, she can take it.

S. B.—Is it wrong for a married lady to attend preaching with another gentleman, during her husband's absence, when she has her husband's consent, and the gentleman is an intimate acquaintance? *Not wrong*, and yet not *advisable*.

JOSEPHINE wishes to be informed of our opinion as to whether a fair-complexioned man or a dark-complexioned one is the most faithful in love, and which of them would be the most likely to make the best husband. She says she is perplexed by the opportunity afforded her of a choice. We fancy she has not fallen very deeply in love, or she would have decided without asking either herself or any body else which she would prefer. There are many theories as to the influence of temperaments on love, none of which, in our opinion, is trustworthy; but we will give the substance of them for the benefit of Josephine and others like her: The passion of love varies very considerably in men; in some, it is all impulse and intensity; in others, and especially those of the lymphatic temperament, it is less ardent—the feeling is colder, more subdued, but quite as sincere; and when supported by fortunate circumstances, equable, and more enduring. It was not formed hastily, and therefore is less liable to destruction. With the dark-complexioned man who has a strong dash of the bilious in his temperament, love is a fiery, impetuous quality, and it frequently happens that when anything cross or unpleasant has occurred, the flame expires in an instant—vanishes like a streak of lightning, leaving rumbling discord behind. Should Josephine herself belong to this class of temperament, such a man possibly might not make so good a husband to *her* as one of an opposite temperament. There would be a sameness of disposition—there would be too much equality of character, and this might have a tendency, after the novelty of matrimony had worn away, to engender indifference and other unpleasant enemies to marital felicity, and then doubt, distrust, jealousy, and dislike would soon darken the domestic scene. Strong contrasts both of person and character are the soul of love, and that is the reason why we so often observe an ugly man with a pretty wife, and a plain woman with a handsome husband. The great Talleyrand loved the ugliest woman in France; and we may see the same sort of partiality evinced in every station of life. Should Josephine be a brunette, the fair lover, according to the theories above given, would be the most desirable selection, for his placidity of temper would act as an admirable foil to her vivacity. Their characters being varied would much relieve the monotony of their intercourse. But Josephine had better consult her own heart—that, properly regulated, will never lead her astray.

STATIST.—In all countries, respecting which the statistics are known, more boys are born than girls. The proportion, in round numbers, is 21 boys to 20 girls. So uniform and powerful is the operation of this law, that we know of no country in which, for a single year, as many girls have been born as boys. Nor do we know of any country in which the proportion of 21 boys to 20 girls has been, for a single year, seriously disturbed. These are the facts, as shown by a comparison of census tables; but when you ask us to explain them, you ask something which no living man can grant.

SALEM.—As a general thing, a boy who is born and bred in the country, and has to work hard during his years of youth, or who is apprenticed to some good trade if born and brought up in the city, stands a better chance of earning fame and fortune, and of leading a life of usefulness, than the son of a rich man who is never *compelled* to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. An ancient maxim, the substance of which is, "Every human being *must* have his nose brought to the grindstone, and blessed is he whose nose is sharpened early in life," probably had its origin in the recognition of this fact.

NUT.—Suppose a man was in love with a lady, and had a dead-shot rival, who wrote a note to the lady and requested the lover to carry it; suppose the lady answered the note and gave it to her lover to take to the dead-shot rival, would it be ungentlemanly for the lover to read said note. Most certainly it would; if he did not like what the lady did, he should go to her like a man and tell her so, and if she persisted in wounding his feelings, he should in a straightforward manner resign his claims upon her. Anything *underhanded* or *mean* he should, of course avoid.

S. L. says he is in love with a young girl, who first encourages, then slights him, and when remonstrated with by mutual friends, says "she is trying his love." *They* say she really loves him, and he thinks so, too, notwithstanding her freaks. If this is so, tell her how much she pains you, and come to some understanding with her. If she is worth winning, she will not continue to annoy you; if she does not discontinue this capriciousness, *try her love* by leaving her for a while.

F. A. D.—If a man builds a house on land leased to him, who owns the house when the lease expires. That will depend upon the agreement or the governing circumstances of the case. If the man who built the house owns the house, he must remove it from the other man's land. In such cases, there is generally a special agreement between landlord and tenant with regard to the final ownership of the house and its removal from the premises.

LEDGER READER.—You are engaged to a young lady whom you passionately love; but have learned from a friend that she thinks she does not love you enough to form so close a union; what shall you do? Go to her and have a frank talk about it. Find out if possible her *reasons* for thinking so; if they are strong and sufficient, it is best *not* to hold her to an engagement that will make you, if fulfilled, more unhappy than to give her up now.

ESTELLE.—This young lady says she is blessed with wise and excellent parents, but she thinks they are a little too strict in obliging her lover to take his leave of her every evening at ten precisely. We do not agree with Estelle. Ten o'clock is late enough. The common practice of leaving young girls to sit up with their lovers alone, is one which we utterly detest, and believe to be immoral and injurious.

CURIOUS.—One of your positions we know to be erroneous. It used to be universally supposed, that more people committed suicide in the gloomy days of winter than in the cheering sunshine of summer. But authoritative writers upon suicide have proved that more suicides are committed in summer than in winter. The fact is curious and unexpected, and gives rise to various reflections.

GREGORY.—During the Crimean war the French lost more men in action than the English, but not so many by disease. The results of that war have been thus summed up by an English writer: The English lost, in action, 3,500 men; by cholera, 4,214; by all other diseases, 16,000. The French lost, in all, 63,500 men. The Russians about half a million.

SAW IT.—When one offends a friend unintentionally, in a jest, and apologizes for it, and the offended man fails to be satisfied, is it necessary to try farther to appease him? Not *necessary*, perhaps, but any farther attempt must be decided by the value a person places upon the friendship of the wounded person. "They who love much forgive much."

X. I. O. U. S.—If a lady friend exchanges likenesses with you, is it mannerly or proper to show hers without permission? She should not give it to you unless you are relatives, or about to become so; and if she does, *you should deal with it as you would wish any man to deal by your sister's* under like circumstances. We know no better rule than this.

FRANK SAY.—When one receives an invitation to a wedding at a distance, and which invitation he knows to be only complimentary, does etiquette require him to send "regrets," &c.? Only on the principle that induced Gen. Washington to bow to the negro who saluted him, namely: because "he would not be outdone in politeness by a black man!"

C.—These are the dates: Turkey declared war against Russia Oct. 3rd, 1853; Russia declared war against Turkey Nov. 1st, 1853; England and France declared war against Russia March 27th and 28th, 1854; hostilities ceased Feb. 29th, 1856; peace was proclaimed April 2nd, 1856; the Crimea was evacuated July 9th, 1856.

IKE.—When a gentleman, after a long engagement, has been discarded, and the lady, when requested to return his "likeness," refuses to do so, is it not in effect a bid for him to continue his suit? We should think, at least, that there was no harm in trying it, under such an aspect of affairs.

AMY SINGLETON.—The pertinacious gentleman with whom you argued, ought to receive a little correction for his folly; but at the same time you should bear in mind that age requires a certain amount of respect and deference, which can never be too promptly paid by youth.

BAYOU.—To remove freckles: Take allysson seeds (madwort) one part, and honey two parts; mix them well together, and apply the mixture to the skin as you would pomatum. After using the mixture once or twice a day for a short time, the spots will disappear.

IDELLA.—You ask if, when a gentleman with whom you are well acquainted, has called upon you, and is about leaving, whether you can with propriety invite him to call again. Certainly, under such circumstances.

WALTER GORMAN.—There is a young man, you say, in your town who has been disguised as a woman for a year. You ask is there any law against it? Yes, there is; he would be surely arrested and fined if discovered.

PRIZE-FIGHTER.—We do not know what your idea of a "good character" is; but we may safely say that, at least, one of the persons mentioned in your letter has been notoriously dissolute for many years.

C. T. C.—Meerschaum, as we have before stated, is a kind of clay found in the South of Europe.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*